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The Internal Soviet Scene. By George F. Kennan

(see page 769)

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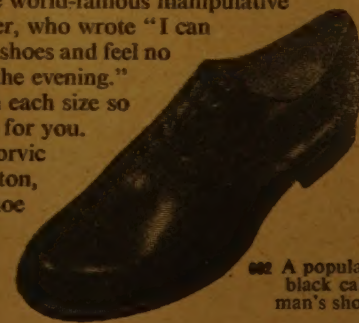


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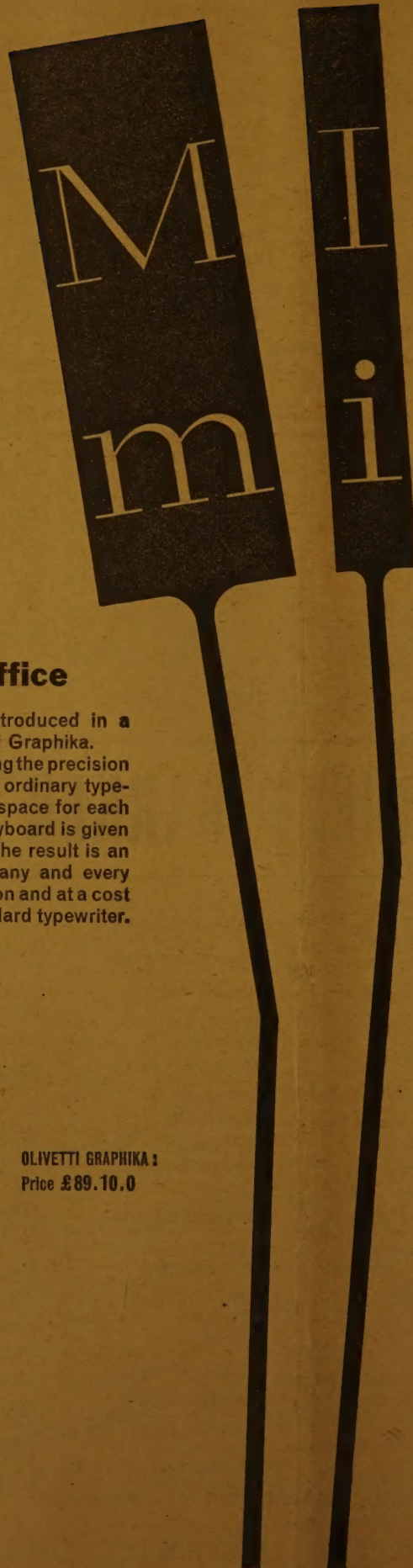
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Russia, the Atom, and the West

The Internal Soviet Scene

The first of six Reith Lectures by GEORGE F. KENNAN

TEN years ago, I happened to write an article for the American quarterly *Foreign Affairs*, which came to be spoken of as 'the X-article' and received a good deal more attention at the hands of the press than I am sure it deserved. It was a discussion of the nature of the Soviet regime and of the problem it posed for Western society.

In recent months, many people have asked me how the same problem looks to me today and whether I would still take the same reassuring view of the prospects for coping with it that I was able to take in 1947. This is a big question and I cannot treat it exhaustively in such a series of brief talks; I can touch only on certain individual aspects of it. But the moment does seem propitious for such a discussion; and one may hope that even a few cursory reflections will be useful.

What I wish to discuss here is the *internal* Soviet scene, and its implications for us. Ten years ago, in writing the X-article, I was obliged to draw attention to the handicaps that rested at that time on Soviet economic development: the enormity of the destruction suffered during the war, the physical and spiritual exhaustion of the Soviet people, the uneven development of the Soviet economy to date, and the sad state of Soviet agriculture.

Today I am free to confess that Soviet economic progress in the intervening years, in the face of these handicaps, has

surpassed anything I then thought possible. In the brief space of twelve years, the Soviet people have succeeded not only in recovering from the devastations of the war but in carrying forward a programme of industrialisation which has made Russia second only to the United States in industrial output generally, and about equal to her, we are told, in the production of military goods. The recent launching of the earth satellite has been only a dramatisation—misleading in some respects perhaps but revealing in others—of this impressive economic success.

While conceding to the Soviet leaders and the Soviet people all the respect they deserve for this achievement, we must be careful not to exaggerate its significance. This expansion of the Soviet economy has taken place at a time when the economies of other countries have also been expanding rapidly. During this same post-war period the growth in the productive capacity of my own country, for example, has probably actually been greater, in absolute terms, than that of Russia.

It is true that the comparative rate of growth in Russia from year to year has been greater than in the United States; and if these trends should be continued indefinitely, the Russians would no doubt eventually catch up with us, and out-produce us in many respects. But actually I think it unlikely that the rate of growth of the Soviet economy will be maintained for long at the recent level. Russia has been

enjoying, up to this point, many of the possibilities for rapid growth that attend the relatively early stage of industrialisation. Her economy is now coming into maturity; she is beginning to run up against problems—organisational problems, manpower problems, and others—which are familiar to all the advanced industrial countries. There is no evidence to date that she has better answers than the rest of us to these peculiar problems of the advanced industrial society.

Economic Imbalance

We must also remember that the general imbalance which has always characterised the development of the Soviet economy has not yet been fully overcome. Soviet economic progress has thus far represented essentially the fulfilment of a programme of military industrialisation. Its success has been purchased at the cost of the serious neglect and even exploitation of other branches of the economy, as well as a continued repression of living standards. Agriculture, in particular, was shamefully neglected and abused throughout the Stalin era: and while Stalin's successors have indeed made efforts to overcome some of the abuses, many of us are not convinced that they have yet arrived at a correct analysis of the problem or that they are prepared to do what would be necessary to meet it. It remains to be demonstrated that collectivisation, as practised up to this time in the Soviet Union, is really a feasible and hopeful manner of developing the agricultural resources of a great country. The experience of the satellite area would certainly not seem to indicate that it is; and even in the Soviet Union the collective farm system has now had to be supplemented by what we in America would call the ploughing up of the dustbowl, a practice we are coming to recognise as short-sighted and undesirable.

Had a normal balance been observed in the shaping of Russia's economic growth in these last two or three decades, it is questionable whether the development of its industrial sector would have been appreciably more rapid than that of other countries in a comparable stage of industrialisation. It is often forgotten that, even prior to the Revolution, Russian industry was already developing very rapidly, but under quite another system, and without the distortions and hardships that have attended its forced growth under Soviet power. But when all of this is taken into account, the economic progress achieved in Russia in recent years does remain impressive; and I think we must, barring unforeseeable accidents, expect it to continue into the future, though at a somewhat decreasing rate.

When we turn to the political side of the internal Russian scene, things are much more uncertain. Here two problems present themselves. The first is that of the distribution of power among the members of the top group and the periodic transmission of it from one set of hands to another. The other is the satisfaction of the demands of the people below, particularly the academic youth and the cultural intelligentsia, for greater freedom of thought and expression. One is a problem of relationships within the top echelons of the regime, the other of relationships between the regime and the people.

Channels of Personal Advancement

The situation in the senior echelons of the regime is characterised by the fact that the Communist Party has been, in recent years, by no means the only channel of advancement to personal power and influence in the Soviet system. Industrial management, the armed services, and to some extent science and engineering, have provided careers in many ways more attractive than that of the regular apparatus of the party. These external professional empires have been only loosely linked to the party: through the membership of a few of their senior figures in top party policy-making bodies: the Presidium and the central committee.

In the period following Stalin's death Khrushchev had no choice but to share power extensively with these outside entities, as a means both of consolidating his personal position and of enabling the system to survive the shock occasioned by Stalin's death. More recently, he has been trying to divest himself of this somewhat cloying partnership, to reassert the clear predominance of the party over all these professional elements, and at the same time to strengthen his own position of personal predominance

within the party. Were he to succeed in all this, the result would be the re-establishment of a form of Stalinism, only minus (thus far at least) the terrorism of the secret police.

Khrushchev has now been formally successful in a number of these efforts. The expulsion of Zhukov was only the last and most important of them. But this success has been purchased at a heavy cost. There is a great deal more talent in Russia today outside the apparatus of the Communist Party than inside it. Khrushchev has now offended and estranged from the central political process, one by one, the intelligentsia, the industrial managers, and a portion of the officers' corps of the armed services. He has now achieved the pinnacle of power he wanted; but he is rather isolated up there, and one suspects it is becoming a bit chilly.

Plainly, this is not a stable situation. It is hard to see how real stability can be achieved until some regular arrangement is made for the representation of these professional hierarchies in the key processes of government. But if this is done, what becomes of the traditional role of the party? The Soviet leaders stand here at a parting of the ways: either they keep up with the times and change the system, or they relapse into the rigidities of Stalinism, at an ever-increasing cost to the ultimate soundness of the system itself.

The same sort of a dilemma, but even more marked, exists in the relationship between the regime and the people. Much has been written, in recent months, about the restlessness of the Soviet intelligentsia and the student youth, and its causes. Several commentators have correctly pointed out that the Soviet Government is in this case the author of its own difficulties. By its admirable programme of popular education, which in many ways deserves our respect, it has created a new educated class which is simply not prepared to accept the old devices of communist thought control, and is determined to do its thinking for itself. Here, as well as among the older figures of the Russian cultural world, there is now a powerful and in fact irrepressible demand for complete intellectual and cultural freedom.

Controlling the Intellectuals

Stalin's successors, thinking to undo some of the evil effects of his ruthless repression of intellectual and artistic activity, at first made moderate concessions to the feelings of the intellectuals. The effect of these concessions was mainly to reveal the full depth of the unhappiness of these people and the startling degree to which the Marxist-Leninist ideology had lost its power over their minds and creative impulses. Frightened at what they saw, the leaders have recently drawn back, and have made a fumbling effort to reimpose something like the old Stalinist controls over cultural life.

But surely this is no adequate response. Once again, the position of the regime is a precarious one. It is already too late to recapture minds which have begun to ask troubled and penetrating questions. If the leaders attempt to go further along the road of repression, they will only alienate the intelligentsia entirely, and lose its indispensable co-operation in maintaining the morale and enthusiasm of the people at large. If, on the other hand, they go further in the attempt to meet the real needs of the educated strata of the people, they will find no stopping point short of complete cultural freedom; and whether this is compatible with Communist rule is a question to which the Communists themselves have, on many occasions, given a negative answer.

The pattern which we are obliged to discern, then, on the Russian internal scene is a mixed one: economic progress, yes, but against a background of deepening crisis on the political front, crisis in the relationship of the senior figures to each other, crisis in their relationship to the people over whom they rule—slow crisis, to be sure, not likely to come to a head tomorrow; but serious and logical crisis, not readily to be resolved by anything short of complete cultural and political freedom.

What does this pattern of internal realities in Russia mean for us here in the West? Let us take first the economic advance. The Soviet Government has, of course, lost no occasion to exploit this sort of achievement for political purposes. It has endeavoured at every turn to present itself as participating in an all-out competition with the Western countries for industrial growth, and then to interpret every element of its economic progress as a

triumph for its own system of economy and a defeat for the Western world. A great many people in my own country, and I think in other countries as well, have come unconsciously to accept this Soviet thesis, to believe that every Soviet gain is automatically our loss, and to see our salvation as dependent on our ability to outpace Russia in every phase of her economic progress.

I am bound to say that I cannot see it this way at all. There is nothing unnatural in the fact that Russia is now rapidly industrialising. Her development in past centuries has lagged behind that of the Western peoples. She has a large and vigorous population, rich in talents of every sort. She occupies a territory liberally endowed with the resources which permit successful industrialisation everywhere. If, given these facts and the spirit of the modern age, the Russian people were *not* now rapidly industrialising their country, this—rather than what is occurring today—would be the true wonder.

Life as 'One Great Sporting Event'

I cannot find it in my heart to begrudge the Russians this kind of success; nor can I see that we are in any way handicapped by it in our attack on our own problems. If the Soviet Government loves to portray itself as embarked on a desperate economic competition with us, I do not see that we are under any obligation to accept this interpretation. One sometimes has the impression that Mr. Khrushchev sees international life as one great sporting event where they and we contend for goals which they, not we, have defined, and where the world looks on. Not a day passes, for example, but what the Moscow press summons the Soviet people to catch up with and surpass America in the *per capita* production of meat, milk, and butter. I simply cannot concede that we are engaged in any such competition. We in the United States have enough of these things. Our problem is not to produce more of them. I should hope that the Russian people, too, would soon have all they need of these and other articles of consumption; and whether this is more or less than our *per capita* production seems to me supremely unimportant. When they do reach this point, they will discover, as some of us are now discovering, that this is not the final solution to all things—that the most serious problems of modern life only begin with the achievement of material plenty.

When I think of the enthusiasm of people in Moscow today for economic development, it puts me in mind of my own youth in the American Middle West, and of the inordinate pleasure many of us used to take in the headlong economic progress of that region. We Americans were known as the Babbits of the nineteen-twenties; and this we were. But many of us at least became conscious of the shallowness of this outlook; and it was, after all, an American who coined the word for it. The Russians are now the Babbits of the mid-century; but so far, being good materialists, they have shown no awareness of the limitations of this outlook. It will be a happy day for everyone when they, too, have solved their problem of production and can join us in grappling with some of the deeper, more subtle, and more significant problems that lie at the end rather than the beginning of the economic rainbow.

Military Aspects of Economic Progress

Many of my own countrymen would reply to these observations by saying: 'What you say is all very well; but how about the military aspects of Soviet economic progress? Do they not spell the deepest and most terrible sort of danger for us?'

I hope later on to speak in greater detail about the military problem. Let me say at this point only that I fail, again, to understand the frame of mind that sees in every evidence of Soviet economic or scientific progress some new deterioration in Western security. One is moved to wonder, sometimes, how long it will be before people can bring themselves to realise that the ability to wreak terrible destruction on other peoples now rests in a fairly large number of hands, and that the danger is already so great that variations in degree do not have much meaning. I am not particularly concerned to learn whether our Soviet friends could, if they wished, destroy us seven times over or only four times; nor do I think that the answer to this danger lies in the indefinite multiplication of our own present ability to do

fearful injury to them. Our problem is no longer to prevent people from acquiring the ability to destroy us; it is too late for that. Our problem is to see that they do not have the will or the incentive to do it. For this, we have to preserve our deterrent capacity. But that is a limited task. It does not necessarily imply an endless industrial and scientific race with Russia.

Again, it will be argued by anxious people: 'Yes, but if the Russians gain on us in the race for economic development, the peoples of the underdeveloped areas of the world will come to look to them rather than to us for economic guidance, and then where will we be?' This, too, is something about which I shall have some things to say on another occasion. Suffice it to observe here that it strikes me as a dangerous thing for us to assume that our security must depend on keeping the Russians indefinitely from shouldering their share of responsibility for giving this sort of aid and guidance. People have things to learn from Russia as well as from us. There will be many ways in which our economic system, based as it is on the specifics of our legal and commercial tradition, will not be fully relevant to the problems of people elsewhere, and where the Russians might have more to offer. But the same will be true conversely. These things must be permitted to find their own level; and when they do, I am sure that there will be no lack of opportunity and of work for all of us.

The fact is that we in the West *are*, of course, engaged in a competition with Russia; but it is not the kind of competition the Russians claim it is. We are not pursuing the same objectives. We are not at the same stage of development; our tasks are scarcely similar. The real competition is rather to see who moves most rapidly and successfully to the solution of his own peculiar problems and to the fulfilment of his own specific ideals.

How to Counter the Russian Threat

To my own countrymen who have often asked me where best to apply the hand to counter the Soviet threat, I have accordingly had to reply: to our American failings—to the things we are ashamed of in our own eyes: to the racial problem, to the conditions in our big cities, to the education and environment of our young people, to the growing gap between specialised knowledge and popular understanding. I imagine that similar answers could be found for the other Western countries. I would like to add that these are problems which are not going to be solved by anything we or anyone else does in the stratosphere. If solutions are to be found for them it will be right here on this familiar earth, in the dealings among men and in the moral struggles of the individual. If one had to choose between launching satellites and continuing to give attention to these more homely problems, I should say a hundred times the latter, for unless we make progress in them, no satellite will ever save us. Whether we win against the Russians is primarily a question of whether we win against ourselves. So much for our reaction to the *economic* progress in Russia.

There are converse dangers to be guarded against in our reaction to the political dilemmas with which the Soviet leaders are now confronted. Since their problems are not our problems, we will do well not to claim triumph from every one of their reverses. We have ourselves not found perfect solutions to the questions of political life in the industrial age. But, beyond this, let us not forget that the happiness of the peoples under Soviet rule is involved in the solution of these problems. There is a certain intimacy between the fortunes of rulers and ruled even in the curious relationships of the authoritarian state; and I for one could wish, in the interests of the Russian people, that Russia's progress toward more mature political institutions might proceed with as little violence and trouble as possible.

My plea, then, is for greater detachment and reservation of judgement on our part toward internal happenings in Russia. Their world is not our world; their fortunes need not always be the diametrical opposite of our own. We have reason neither to quake before the spectacle of Soviet economic progress nor to crow over the fact that the Soviet Government faces political dilemmas at home. Our problem is rather with the external behaviour of the Soviet leaders; and it is to this that I shall turn in the next of these talks.—*Home Service*

Forty Years after the October Revolution

The last of six talks by SIR ROBERT BRUCE LOCKHART

EVER since the beginning of this year the Soviet Government has spared neither effort nor money in publicising the fortieth anniversary of the October Revolution. There have been three main themes of this propaganda campaign: first, the triumphant success of the first Socialist State in the world; then, the military, scientific and economic strength of the Soviet Union; then, the inevitability of the universal triumph of Communism as proved by the assertion that two-thirds of the world's population are already Communists.

Two of these claims are extremely dubious. In particular, the assertion that two-thirds of the world's population are Communists is a mere guess. The result is arrived at by claiming as Communists every man, woman, and child who live under a Communist regime. Admittedly, it is also impossible to prove how many of these peoples are anti-Communist, but the existence of secret police, arrests without warrant, the monopoly of information, and the suppression of all freedom to criticise the regime is an adequate indication that in all Communist countries resistance to Communism exists. The Poznan riots in Poland and the rising of the Hungarian people are the two most recent indications. But the greatest of all proofs was the eagerness of the Russians and Ukrainians to surrender to the Germans when Hitler attacked the Soviet Union in June 1941. If Hitler had not been a madman who believed that the Russians were *Untermenschen*, unworthy to exist, the surrenders might well have destroyed the Soviet State. As it was, hundreds of thousands of Russians, hoping for liberty, went over to the Germans during the first four months of the invasion; and it was only German cruelty that made these Russians disillusioned and eventually hostile.

We cannot even say truthfully that the Soviet Republic is a Socialist State, for many people, including critics in Russia, maintain that the system is in fact a form of state capitalism administered by a privileged class of bureaucrats and managers, who, in turn, are controlled by a party which is subject to no authority.

What we must admit is the military and the economic and scientific strength of the Soviet State. It is, however, a very different state from that envisaged by Lenin. More even than the French Revolution of 1789, the October Revolution of 1917 has devoured its children. Of the first central committee which made the revolution, no member is alive today. Stalin was the last survivor: he had sent most of his colleagues to their death, and to satisfy his hate against Trotsky, the ablest leader after Lenin, his assassins went as far as Mexico. Moreover, Lenin was in favour of the withering state which Marx postulated. He also had every intention of raising the standard of the workers and of giving them the liberties which he had promised and then withdrawn during his struggle for power. On the other hand, Stalin

concentrated on heavy industry and denied to the workers the consumer goods which they had expected.

Nevertheless, Stalin made Russia strong by keeping the people poor. Like several of Russia's emperors and empresses, he was not a Russian. He had, however, inherited one Russian characteristic: a desire for space. Ask any neighbour of Russia's—a Pole, a Hungarian, or a Rumanian—and he will tell you that of all races the Russians are the most imperialistic.

In almost every respect Stalin was the opposite of Lenin, who had no need to rule because every other Bolshevik was conscious of his mental superiority. More than once I saw Lenin dominate a huge audience in the quietest way possible. At a meeting of the Central Executive Committee, at which I was present, he sat by himself writing on a pad on his knee. He seemed aloof from the debate. There was a dispute over some question. Then someone said: 'Let Vladimir Ilyich [that is, Lenin] decide'. Lenin was told what the issue was, gave his decision in very few words, and everyone was satisfied. He was the teacher and the guide who stood above all.

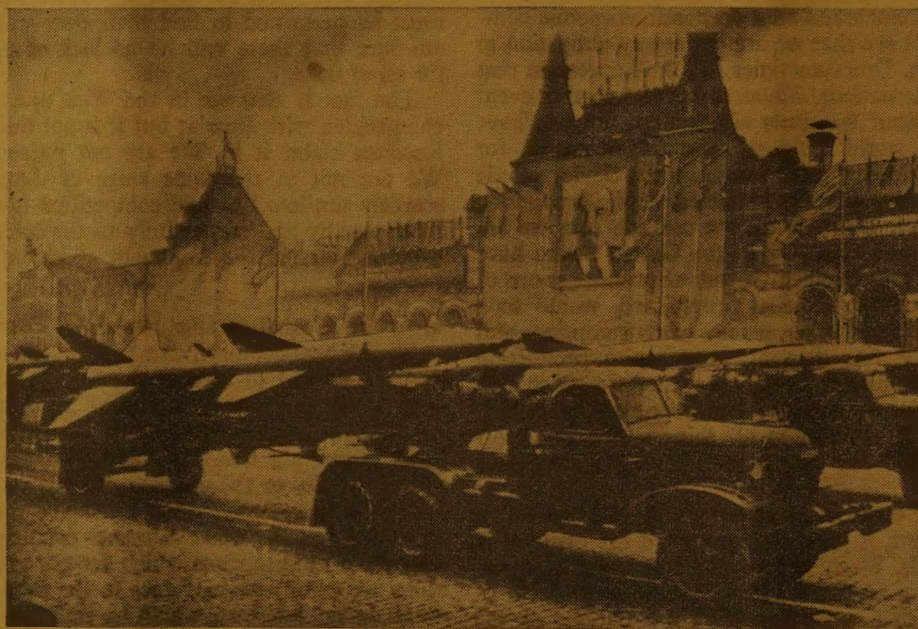
Stalin ruled by fear. He rarely made a speech; he hardly ever went to a meeting: he made people come to him. He gave orders. He was an evil and cruel man,

but he was not without a greatness which was recognised generously by men like Winston Churchill, and it was he who created the Soviet Empire with its 100,000,000 non-Russian subjects, not including the satellites.

As Lenin had feared, Stalin turned the Bolshevik Government into a personal dictatorship. He was not the equal of Lenin in intellect or in moral courage. Lenin's imperialism was ideological. Russia was the first country which had overturned capitalism and suppressed the so-called exploitation of man by man. The other countries would follow. Stalin's imperialism was militant. Russia had always been defeated: now was the time to extend her frontiers and to strengthen her defence in depth. Russia had Lenin for less than seven years. Stalin was sole master of Russia for twenty-five years.

After Stalin's death there was a short period of collective leadership, in which the chief figures were Molotov, Beria, Malenkov, and Khrushchev. The fact that Beria was executed within a year and that in June of this year Mr. Molotov and Mr. Malenkov tried to oust Mr. Khrushchev and were exiled is sufficient proof, I think, that collective leadership is not suited to the Soviet regime.

In defeating the clique in the Presidium which intrigued against him Mr. Khrushchev owed much to Marshal Zhukov and the Red Army. There are people today who believe that Mr. Khrushchev will be succeeded by a military dictatorship. Be this as it may, the important point is that it will be a dictatorship, and it may well be that Communism can be maintained only by a



Rocket weapons being driven through Red Square on November 7: they were the main feature of the parade held in Moscow to mark the fortieth anniversary of the October Revolution

dictator employing the methods used by Stalin. As far as one can judge, there is still in the mind of every genuine Communist the dream and urge of the universal triumph of Communism. What I think we must remember is that Russia is a country of extremes and that nothing is improbable and everything is possible. The Soviet Union of today is more Stalin's than Lenin's. It still relies on its military strength, which is formidable, and so far peaceful coexistence has been merely a propaganda device to divide the Western peoples. We must also recognise the vast importance of the industrialisation and electrification of Russia. The Communists never tire of saying that in forty years they have brought Russia out of the backwardness of 400 years. The boast is a little extravagant, but the material progress has been remarkable.

What of the people? It is a difficult question, for after forty years of unrestricted power the Soviet Government allows no criticism of itself, and a complete monopoly of press and radio enables it to falsify not only news but also history. Nevertheless, there are certain broad indications which may be taken as accurate. Long before Mr. Milovan Djilas wrote his book*, the Soviet intelligentsia and student class were well aware that in the Soviet Union there existed two classes of the privileged and the unprivileged. There is also a fierce competition to enter the privileged class, not so much by ability and examinations as by favouritism. This intelligentsia and student class is a large and important group throughout the Soviet Union. It is proud of Russia's achievements: the *sputnik*, the triumphs in sport, and the winning of the war—though this last is considered a victory of the people rather than of the party. On the other hand, this class does not trust the Government, and does not believe either its propaganda or its text-books. One of the chief desires to go abroad is not so much to discover how much the propagandists have lied about the West as to discover some truths about the history of their own country. This desire to go abroad is common

to nearly all, but is stated wistfully as if there was no hope of ever being allowed to visit a Western country.

Another surprise is that in spite of the stupendous propaganda about the fortieth anniversary this class is as remote from the October Revolution as we are from the Battle of Waterloo. Nor are members of this class interested in revolutionary literature or in the revolutionary poets with the one exception of Yessenin. It is said in Moscow that there are two ways of learning to hate poetry. The first is by ignoring Pushkin and the second is by reading Mayakovsky. The second way is the quicker and the surer. This class hates Stalin because he could do so much evil; it is more or less indifferent to Mr. Khrushchev because it believes he cannot do much good. It wants certain liberties, not necessarily Western democracy, and is impregnated with cynicism because at present it sees no way of getting any of its aims accepted.

How far this attitude penetrates the peasant class is hard to say, but the Russian people are now used to many things which they never had before. In spite of the jamming, the foreign broadcasts get through, and the spoken word of, say, the B.B.C. is carried by word of mouth to the farthest village. Change, however, must come from the inside, and sooner or later come it will, either from the Russian element or from the vast non-Russian population which is still ruled by Russians and which has not lost either the hope or the desire for independence.

For change there is one guerdon. When I first went to Russia in 1912, three out of every four of the population were totally illiterate. Today three out of every four are literate. An illiterate people can be led like the blind. A people which has learnt to read widens its mental horizons and softens its acerbities. This transformation of an illiterate people to a literary is the greatest reform of the Soviet Communists. Sooner or later it may destroy them or force them to modify much of their dogma.

—European Service

* *The New Class: an Analysis of the Communist System* (Thames and Hudson, 21s.), reviewed in THE LISTENER of October 10

Ethiopia Elects

By LEO SILBERMAN

OF all the countries of Africa Ethiopia is the least touched by European influences. Down the ages the Empire managed to maintain political independence with only the short interruption of five years' Italian occupation. One often hears the slogan that Africa's people should develop along their own lines. In Ethiopia they have done just that. The country has often welcomed foreign visitors, allowed them some short spells of activity, but always bundled them off again or otherwise curtailed their freedom of action.

Ethiopia is to this day much the most 'choosy' of all African countries, even the avowedly nationalistic ones, of what she will adopt from Europe or America. The number of cars on the streets of Addis Ababa has multiplied many times in the ten years since I was there—they have increased in fact from 100 to 1,400; but there is still a real reluctance on the part of the crowd that stalks along the road to remove itself or its flocks from the growing traffic. The street picture is still dominated by these handsome people in flowing simple white togas, who greet one another with ritualistic politeness. The number of ministries and government agencies may be steadily expanding, but the country still has no permanent civil service or judicial system able to work independently of the imperial pressure. Ten years ago there were only a few advanced British Council schools; this year 300 boys will pass out of grade twelve, and many of them will go overseas.

But the talk of the town revolves, as it always has done, about the person of the Emperor. The Emperor sees every one of the students before he leaves for abroad and after his return. Even the minutest decisions are referred to him. Europeans in some administrative tangle come to him for help and never in vain.

So while on Smuts Avenue, on Churchill Road, and elsewhere, buildings and trade schools are shooting up, the gifts of Americans, Swedes, Russians, old Ethiopia carries on alongside almost undisturbed. Communications in this land of deep gullies and isolated plateaux remain difficult; news travels slowly and when it arrives it often makes little sense—it corresponds to nothing in the experience of the people, cut off by geography and by history which has pulled a tight belt of hostile Muslim countries around Christian Ethiopia, and, last but not least, by the individuality of their Church which furnished until recently all the education there was. Even in the capital the Soviet Ambassador was recently asked after the health of the Tsar. The Tsar's help given to Emperor Menelik and to the Coptic Church of Ethiopia has not been forgotten.

But if news is of little account, the past is. The long history of external and civil wars survives, so does the fact that, however far the invaders reached, there were always parts of Ethiopia that continued resistance and clung to the belief that Ethiopians and their Emperor are the elect of God, that the Lion of Judah would triumph.

It must often have seemed a miracle that the country pulled through, continuing what is now an unbroken tradition of 1,500 years of Christian culture. The whole complicated way in which the election law is set out, with its insistence that the Emperor's picture be hung in every polling booth; or that disagreement about the residential qualifications of a candidate could be resolved only by the Emperor, shows that we are dealing here with a country which, for all its present contacts with the West, gives everything a different cast, which some may call feudal, some theocratic.

There is thus no need in Ethiopia for a special, identifiable

conservative party. If brakes are needed they are supplied by the old Ethiopia and the national character, which, however proud of modern instruments like an elected parliament, is not greatly exercised by politics and economics. Many of the best people, the pious and the old—it is they who still count—look to the ideal of escaping the flux of time to a hermit's life. They shut themselves up in a monastery on a formidable mountain crag to be reached only by a rope ladder; or they may retreat to an island on Lake Tana, there to let the spiders weave their nets unceasingly until all the trees and habitations are enveloped in a white cloud of thread. No member of the opposite sex, not even a female animal, is allowed on the island. Nothing of the outside world penetrates clearly into these havens of tranquillity and timelessness. Indeed, to become a monk is the same word in Amharic as 'to die'. The novitiate on induction is given a funeral service; he himself lies in the coffin. Yet with their prayers, their recitals of Geez texts and the copying of old manuscripts on the lives of Ethiopian saints, these monasteries know that they are the core of the country's spiritual resistance. Because they are often the centres of learning they act as teachers and advisers to the Government, or to the simple villager in search of some explanation of yet another innovation.

The Welcoming Villager

As for the villager, he welcomes the stranger who passes through his country. One is even enthusiastically received and the people look round to see what to offer one of flowers or fruit, or whether the boiler of the car needs fresh water—fetched often at a distance of some miles without the slightest thought of payment. But the villager will part with ill grace with the smallest piece of information that may be asked of him. There is always the suspicion that it may affect the land titles, that the strangers want to steal the land. Secretiveness has become second nature and one of the barriers to change. The church reinforces this. The laity is not allowed into the holy of holies where the Ark is kept under cloth; the priests are satisfied if the ordinary man says his prayers in the courtyard in Geez which he does not understand; he may also make a passing obeisance at the church door. There is no tradition of church sermons.

It will not astonish, after all this, that Ethiopia has had a parliament for fifteen years and that the country knows nothing about its work. It publishes no account whatsoever of its doings, though the Constitution of 1955 says that the parliament should sit in public. It is one of the most prominent buildings in Addis Ababa, but I was never asked to visit it, though my interest in political institutions was known. Eventually, however, friendliness got the better of suspicion or indifference, and I was shown round the Senate Chamber which was identical with the Chamber of the Lower House, differing only in the colour of the leather chairs. The deliberations in both Houses were probably much alike. I was in the company of Lij Hailemariam, the Director-General of the Ministry of Social Welfare, one of the outstanding young men. He was himself a candidate (a successful one, incidentally) at the recent elections, and he had never himself visited the parliament building. As an advanced man he may or may not have written off the old nominated parliament as a perfunctory body, acting as a kind of rubber stamp to the wishes of Ministers solely responsible to the Emperor. It is true that the Budget has been secret for the last few years and that many decrees have been passed without being submitted to parliament. But so much I know: that the body has developed its own traditions and was feared by Ministers used to justifying their actions before a large assembly which contained many shrewd old men who knew the country well.

Still, parliament might have carried on with its unknown labours without the man in the street or the intellectual bothering about it. The new Constitution of 1955 promised free elections, but not only the cynics in the land took Article 93 to be more the expression of a pious hope for what might be a distant future. Municipal councils had also been promised but had never been held. Certainly no one expected a democratically chosen Chamber of Deputies which could out-vote the nominated Senate. There was no demand for democratic reforms, which to this day many of the young and possibly all the old think hazardous and precipitous, although that people should be free and equal in a

general sense is acceptable to every Ethiopian, including the aristocracy.

But the Emperor insisted that free and secret elections be held within the promised period of two years after the publication of the new Constitution. The calling of an elected Chamber, which is to debate every law and the Budget, may surprise after 2,000 years of personal and monarchical rule. Certainly there cannot be many parallels in history for the situation in which an absolute monarch voluntarily, as a gift to his people, bestows on his twenty-fifth anniversary a new body of enlightened law and a democratic constitution.

Incredulity and Incomprehension

Ethiopia is different from other countries, but the reactions of many upon seeing what was happening were similar to other people's reactions to revolution. There was incredulity and incomprehension. The populace refused sometimes to register. Constituencies each embrace 200,000 members, and elect two M.P.s, a provision allowing the Copts to vote for a Christian candidate and the Muslims for one of their own faith. To give due representation to the more educated elements, each town of 30,000 elects at least one candidate. And there are seven such towns. An additional candidate is allowed for every further 50,000 urban inhabitants.

The proceedings were supervised by local electoral bodies, with inspectors, registrars, and police. Since these were the first secret elections ever to be held, everything had to be improvised; the logistic problems of this complicated terrain had to be solved as much as the psychological problems of winning the co-operation of the provincial governors, many of them gentlemen of the old school. Fifty-two police regulations were drafted to guide the voters into this unusual experience. One of the people said to me: 'What is all this about? In the past there has been one man who ruled this country, and that was His Majesty. For my own part I should be appalled if in the future things were arranged differently'. He was one of the non-voters, who are not the least intelligent or civically conscious in the population. Another man already at the polls had memories of bitter civil strife in his province; he had his voting slip in a cleft stick as runners do in Ethiopia who take letters from one outlying part to another, holding their staff Hermes-like as a kind of talisman ahead of them. Letters so borne are sacrosanct.

Ras Kassa's grandson, the descendant of Emperor Sale Sellasie, was in charge of the electoral arrangements. The elections have been a triumph for him. He if anyone should know their meaning, placed as he is in direct family relationship to the Emperor. I knew His Excellency from his undergraduate days in Oxford, five years ago, and could speak bluntly. 'Were the elections called to please America from whom Ethiopia receives at present substantial technical and military aid?' My friend was genuinely amused. He pointed out that there were many precedents for the elections; that bishops were elected by the abbots in the main monasteries, that the constitution of 1931 enacted shortly after Haile Sellasie came to the throne already envisaged a gradual constitutional advance, and called the first, though nominated, parliament into being. One could find elections in the tribal days, when for instance the Galla, the most numerous people in Ethiopia, elected through their age-grade system three elders to act as judges.

The Election Poster

His Excellency glanced at an election poster he had ordered. The artist had found a fully local, that is theological, idiom to express what had taken place. One saw a figure kneeling in the clouds which was the spirit of Ethiopia. From on high two hands came out of Heaven holding the revised constitution. Below was the parliament building, with the Emperor and the Crown Prince beckoning the newly elected deputies to troop into the chamber, while in the recess one saw voters casting their votes in a polling booth of straw. His Excellency said that there was no difficulty in putting the words 'election' or 'democracy' into the language, or conveying the general notion of voting. What had been not so easy, he agreed, was the actual rallying of his cautious people to the polls. They are feudal enough in their sentiments to leave big decisions to their lords.

I believe that to some extent non-voters abstained not because they were indifferent but because they were troubled by an excess of conscientiousness, which prevented them from approving of any candidate. Candidates do not have to be literate, and the Board approved anyone who had the necessary residential qualifications, was over twenty-five years of age, and possessed £6 for a deposit. Many educated people I spoke to, including students at the University College of Addis Ababa, did not vote because they were insufficiently acquainted, they said, with the candidates. They rationalised their hesitancy, which in part was a mute censure of the new way, by claiming that after all they could not vote because they came from another province and should be loyal to their own part of the country; or that in any case they wanted to see how parliament worked out; in four years' time they might even themselves present their names for candidature.

On the other hand, especially in rural Ethiopia where tribal heads and administrators could more or less commandeer the country people to the polls, the response was large. They made it a point of honour to have a good turn-out. We have no census of Ethiopia, but if local guesses are right about 50 per cent. of the nation eventually cast their votes. Some 477 candidates presented themselves for the 200 seats, and some places were hotly contested. In Addis thirty-three candidates fought for the seven seats allotted to the town. In Dire Dawa, with one seat, no less than seven candidates vied for the favours of the populace. In other parts, notably among



The Ethiopian election poster described by Professor Silberman

as a headdress. Some candidates refused to use the colour symbols as suggested to all by the Electoral Board; they said they were too well known to bother with such primitive devices. In backward Kafaland the voters were nervous about entering all alone the secret booth where they were to cast their vote. They would run out to ask the recording officer who was the best man, and say that they had forgotten whom they wanted.

It is important to give these local cross-currents to avoid false generalisations in a country of so many different religions and tribes, and with such differing responses to new institutions. All

African territories are of course composed of people of many languages, and elsewhere too there are educated and backward people. But in a state built up by a people all on its own over centuries, with its own hierarchical and administrative system which has won the affection of the people, things must be even more carefully sifted. Even a man like Lij Hailemariam, educated recently at Columbia University in New York, will double up in front of a Minister or a man of ancient lineage. The young men may turn their backs on the old priests, but if asked whether they want to see Geez preserved and read in the country, all but a handful of people would be in favour of it.

There was no real demand, as I have said, for political reform; but this does not mean that there are none who feel frustrated or who will not speak up when they judge the situation opportune. I attended a quiz evening at the Y.M.C.A. in Addis, a meeting for all candidates in which questions were asked on land reform, taxation, female education, prostitution, the place of the foreigner. When the candidates evaded some of the questions which might have committed them, or which were in any case



Haile Selassie opening the first elected parliament of Ethiopia in Addis Ababa on November 2

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The Listener

What They Are Saying

Broadcasts on forty years of Bolshevism

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$7.50, including postage. Special rate for two years \$12.50; for three years \$17.00. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

The Problem

THIS year the Reith Lectures—the first appears in our columns this week—are being delivered by an American, Mr. George Kennan. Mr. Kennan has had a distinguished career as a diplomat, ending up in 1952 as American Ambassador in Moscow. He is now Professor of History at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton and is the author of works on American diplomacy, American foreign policy, and Soviet-American relations. The subject of his present series of lectures, 'Russia, the Atom, and the West' is as comprehensive and topical as it is controversial. It sums up in its title the problem of our times—a problem whose dimensions have not been rendered less perplexing by the events of the past few weeks.

For purposes of comparison Mr. Kennan refers to an article he wrote ten years ago for the American quarterly *Foreign Affairs* in which he discussed the nature of the Soviet regime and the problem it posed for Western society. Readers of THE LISTENER may also recall further pointers to Mr. Kennan's thought. Broadcasting about him in 1952—just after his appointment to Moscow—Mr. Joseph Harsch said that 'his thinking involves the thesis that the West and Russia will probably never be close or happy friends, and that differences between them are many and serious and are not open to any quick or easy solution. But Mr. Kennan also believes that these differences can be kept within manageable proportions'. The following year—after he had come back from Moscow—Mr. Kennan himself addressed the Pennsylvania State Bar Association on the principles of American-Soviet relations. In that address—which was later broadcast in a recording by the B.B.C. and printed in our columns—he enunciated five principles by which in his view it would be wise to abide in trying to deal with the Soviet challenge. These principles were briefly: above all be strong; be cool-headed and deliberate; be prepared to negotiate; guard your unity in every respect; and do not be impatient or insist on trying to look too far ahead.

Principles and still more prophecies are often belied by events, and he would be a rash man who claimed (as Mr. Kennan most certainly would not) to know beyond doubt what principles should govern the foreign policy of this or that country in face of the present complexities. An attempt was made after the first world war to lay down principles for the better ordering of the world's affairs. The difficulty was to translate those principles into practice. After the second world war another attempt was made—an improvement, one hoped, in the light of previous experience. However, the difficulty has scarcely been resolved, and the best means have yet to be discovered of maintaining at least an equilibrium in this divided world of ours, equipped as it is with weapons capable of causing unimaginable destruction. That is the problem that statesmen in every country are called upon to face, and to do their best to solve. Of quick solutions there can be little hope. The prime need is for clear thinking and right judgement. Whether or not the principles or views Mr. Kennan enunciated five or ten years ago still hold good—it is at least arguable that his five principles do—here at all events is a man whose experience and knowledge clearly entitle him to be heard with something more than ordinary respect.

THE FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY of the Bolshevik Revolution, celebrated against a background of *sputniks* soaring overhead and Marshal Zhukov falling from grace below, was the major subject of comment. Many Western commentators used the occasion to stress the contrast between the technological achievements of the regime, culminating in *sputniks*, and a primitive political system which denies freedom and an adequate standard of living to its subject peoples.

From France, the Socialist *Le Populaire* was quoted as commenting:

The men in Moscow claim their regime is socialist. The workers of those countries where free speech is permitted reject this claim, because for them socialism is synonymous with prosperity, liberty, and respect for the individual. The technical achievements which the Moscow regime is now chalking up to its credit have nothing in common with socialism and cannot undermine the fact that none of the promises made by the Communist Revolution in November 1917 has been kept.

M. Jules Romains, writing in the independent *L'Aurore*, was quoted as saying:

The pyramids in no way sanctified the horrors of slavery on which they were founded. The V.2s did not rehabilitate Hitler. No *sputnik* can alter the fact that Western liberty is more worthy of man and more conducive to his happiness than Muscovite servitude.

The independent *Le Monde* observed that no *sputnik* will ever give the Soviet Union the prestige it would win by according its people freedom.

From the United States, *The Washington Post*, commenting on Mr. Khrushchev's three-hour speech on the eve of the fortieth anniversary, in which he said Russia would never use its weapons of destruction unless attacked by the 'imperialists', remarked that it was clear from the context of his speech and from Soviet history that any war Moscow might unleash upon the free world would be regarded as a defence of Communism against the 'imperialists'. *The New York Times* was quoted as saying that the coincidence of the Zhukov disgrace and the launching of the satellites made clear that the Soviet rulers remain barbarians, even as they perfect *sputniks*. From Australia, the *Melbourne Herald* was quoted as saying:

Modern Russia is a scientifically enlightened force and at the same time a heresy-hunting dictatorship in which men can be conditioned into making any political statement that the ruler orders.

The *Sydney Morning Herald* was one of numerous newspapers in the free world to stress the need for unity and co-operation in the West in the face of Soviet technological achievements.

The luxury of family differences can perhaps be indulged when the family is not in danger. When it is, it must draw together. A number of Western newspapers stressed also the need for the West to restate what it stands for in spiritual terms so that it will rally those who value freedom. Another point made by many Western commentators was that Mr. Khrushchev's suggestion of a new high-level East-West conference would be practical only when Moscow showed some sign of progress towards, for instance, realising the objectives already agreed to at the Geneva Summit Conference. From Italy, the Christian Democrat *Il Popolo*, while thinking a high-level conference desirable, was quoted as expressing the view that Mr. Khrushchev was counting on the *sputnik* to intimidate the Western negotiators. From Sweden, the Liberal *Handelstidningen* was quoted as saying:

The Soviet regime is strong and powerful. But the country still knows no better way of resolving differences of opinion than by a *coup*. And the greatest power ever given to a government is neither restricted by law nor controlled by popularly chosen institutions, nor kept in check in any other way. Both within and without the Kremlin, the old law still applies: might is right.

Cairo radio quoted many Egyptian press articles expressing jubilation that the Russians, and not the 'imperialists', had won the satellite race.

Did You Hear That?

THE LETTERS OF NAPOLEON

THE SALE has been taking place at Sotheby's in London of the André de Coppet collection of letters and documents of Napoleon's contemporaries. It has been described as one of the greatest Napoleonic collections ever formed. RAY COLLEY, a B.B.C. reporter, spoke about it in 'The Eye-witness'.

'The collection', he said, 'is rare in that it contains a number of letters written entirely in Napoleon's hand. Letters by Napoleon in themselves are not unusual—he dictated a great many which were written by one of his numerous secretaries and only signed by himself. Most of them were business letters, and as his business had much to do with war, many of them are detailed descriptions of the campaigns he won. Victory after victory becomes rather monotonous.

'Perhaps one of the rarest letters in the collection is that Napoleon wrote in his characteristically forceful and untidy hand to the Empress Marie Louise on May 28, 1813. It was about their son, the King of Rome, and it is a short letter. In it he thanked her for writing the week previously, and said that he saw with pleasure that his son was beginning to talk. "Everything that you have told me about his naughtiness makes me want to see him very much", wrote Napoleon.

'In his more business-like letters Napoleon shows that he was a magnificent writer with a fine command of rhetoric. One document in the collection is a poignant note to his mother about his dispute with his brother Louis, ex-King of Holland. He signed it with such vigour that the pen made several blots. On February 7, 1814, when the whole of Europe was against him, he wrote a remarkable letter to the Arch-Chancellor of the Empire violently rebuking him for panicking and alarming the Empress and asking why he was spending his time in saying prayers and the *miserere* when he should have been organising an efficient intelligence service.

'In April 1815, he wrote to the King of Sardinia, announcing his return to the Imperial Throne in fulfilment of the irresistible will of the French people. He also declared that his first care would be the maintenance of peace throughout Europe. A year later, eleven days before the Battle of Waterloo, he wrote to the Grand Marshal of his Palace giving his orders for the departure of his household for the campaign. He said that it was important that he had his iron beds and his tents, and instructed the Marshal to see that his telescopes were in good order. Three days after Waterloo he was still hoping to reunite France; and on the same day that he entered Paris at eight o'clock in the morning he signed a receipt for nineteen golden snuff boxes.

'Also in the collection are some of Napoleon's manuscripts from St. Helena—the drafts of 1,500 letters sent by the King of Italy to the Emperor, over 500 letters from Josephine's son by her first marriage, and a number of letters written by the Duke of Wellington. One of these was written from the field of Waterloo at three o'clock on the morning of the battle. "All will yet turn out well", wrote the Duke. One document signed by the Duke

gives the ranks and numbers of the officers, non-commissioned officers, drummers, and privates of the British Army entitled to participate in the prize money granted for the Battle of Waterloo and the capture of Paris. Finally there is the official report of the post-mortem examination on Napoleon performed on the day after his death at St. Helena; it is signed by the five surgeons who were in attendance at the time'.

FIRE, FIRE!

'My father was a voluntary village fireman for years', said WALLACE ARTER, in 'Town and Country'. 'To him the brigade was the most important thing in life—and that meant we knew all about it. My part was cleaning a helmet like a coal scuttle, polishing straps and boots—and getting well out of the way when the maroon went off. The maroon was the signal for a turn-out. And it often did go off. Stack fires, grass fires, all sorts of fires were only too common.

'We did not know the word "flap", but that is what it was. The firemen — farmers, tradesmen, gardeners, and odd-jobbers, young and old—stopped work and dashed for home, grabbed their tackle and got going. They ran. They cycled. Some went on horse-back. The engine, a manual drawn by two horses, had to have four men aboard before it could turn out and that meant that as it rocked and rattled,

bell ringing and whistles blowing, behind it came the rest of the brigade strung out over a mile or more but heading for the tell-tale plume of smoke.

'How they found energy to work the pump and climb ladders, tear down buildings and even crawl into smoke-filled rooms looking for casualties, I shall never know. But they did. They did their job, came home, black, wet and tired, and went back to work. I have a photograph taken nearly sixty years ago, of a number of stern-looking men with helmets and top-boots and shiny buttons, sitting behind two plumed horses—taken after our brigade had won a prize in a carnival. A comic-looking lot, but they did their job'.

OLD STITCHWORT—STATIONMASTER

'A friend of mine', said TYLER WHITTLE in an East Anglian talk, 'is making a vast list of East Anglian rarities. He wrote and asked me if I would help with a list of the rare flora and fauna of Norfolk and Suffolk. I promised to deal with the birds and beasts—but botany is a bit out of my line, and I told him so. Then I suddenly thought of Charlie Peck, known to the villagers as Old Stitchwort. He belongs to an old railway family; and to this day he is the stationmaster, booking clerk, lamp and signal man, of a small halt on one of the remoter East Anglian lines. His grandson, Peter—a young lad of sixteen—is porter, crossing-opener, and parcels clerk.

'Old Stitchwort, ever since he began to crawl (I should think about the year 1886), has been rushing all over the countryside



Prize-winning fire brigade at Canterbury cricket week carnival, 1899. The author's father is seen on the extreme right in the back row

collecting and examining and recording. A report, by railway telegraph, of a rare species of oxlip on the banks of the Orwell will send him scurrying south. The slightest rumour of a goldilocks aster being found near King's Lynn will send him hurrying north.

'When he reached the age of seventy, and no one had troubled to retire him, Old Stitchwort decided he would see a lot more if he had some form of transport, so he bought a sort of outboard motor for the back wheel of his bicycle. On days off—when Lesser Stitchwort takes over the station—you can see the old man's gaunt figure almost doubled over the frame of his machine; knees to chin; collecting tins and canvas satchels strapped to his waist and back; the whole lot topped by a curious hat to which is attached a piece of butter muslin. This is to keep off 'them danged bugs'—and he does not mind in the least that he looks like a bee-master at work or a veiled lady motorist.

'I sent him a letter asking if he would let me have a list of rare plants which grow in East Anglia. By return I had a picture postcard of Cromer pier in the 'twenties with the one word "yes" written in green ink on the back.

'And so a few days later I cycled over to see him. Lesser Stitchwort was sitting on an empty pigeon-basket on the platform—dreaming, perhaps, of speedway and girls and football. I was just going to ask where his grandfather was when the old man appeared from the parcels office. He was carrying a large sheet of paper headed "Cloakroom Conditions", and clearly he was in a great state of excitement. "Saw you come up, I did", he said, "Got a lot for you, I have". He thrust the Cloakroom Conditions into my hand. On the back was an enormous list of plants, and—at the bottom—five names in huge black capitals. Wonderful names they were, too, words that bounce off the tongue! : spotted cat's ear, hoary mullein, round-leaved buck bean, field wormwood, and (best of the lot) yellow sickle medick. Almost a poem, that name!—yellow sickle medick! "Reckon them's the rarest", said Old Stitchwort, and then his voice changed. "But that's a pity we can't put in fen orchid". I asked why we couldn't. "Too rare", said the old man. "And I haven't found that".

'I explained that we wanted a list of rare plants, not a record of his own discoveries—but I couldn't persuade him to include fen orchid. "You wait; you wait", was all he would say.

'We left it at that—but I'd made a new friend; or rather, two new friends. They helped a lot with my list of birds and beasts, and were always dropping in to give me the latest report on their list. Lesser Stitchwort became almost as keen as the old man, and over cups of tea and glasses of potato wine we would discuss this rarity and that. But the final target, a fen orchid, remained as remote as ever. In fact, I had almost come to disbelieve in its existence outside a text-book when one night in July I was woken up by a tremendous battering on my front door. Standing on the doorstep were the Stitchworts! "We got 'un", said Lesser Stitchwort at once. "We got 'un proper", cried Old Stitchwort in great excitement. "Fen orchid!"

'It was a curious time to be out orchid hunting—but I understood their excitement. Certainly it was a great victory for the Stitchworts. My bad temper disappeared. "Bring it in", I said eagerly. The old man was horrified. "Why, that's on Great Fen", he said. "Plucking that'd be murder; flat murder!"

'In a voice shrill with indignation he went on to ask if I knew that 100,000 orchid seeds could be rested on a silver threepenny piece? No, I told him. Did I realise that the chances of one of

them germinating was goodness-knows-how-many-thousand to one? Did I realise that to germinate at all this microscopic seed needed to land on soil where a certain species of rare fungus already existed? Did I realise that if one *did* germinate it would take anything up to eight or even ten years to grow into a plant?

'I did not bother to answer. I merely rushed inside to dress. We made a strange procession out to Great Fen. Lesser Stitchwort and I on bicycles, pedalling as hard as we could; Old Stitchwort on his machine, buzzing up and down beside us like an escort vessel to a convoy, urging us on and continuing his lecture on the life cycle of a fen orchid.

'We left our bicycles in a ditch and tramped through the reeds. Old Stitchwort had a storm lantern and a huge rubber torch, but again and again we went up to our ankles in slime. Then we reached a small, drier patch of ground—and the old man made

us wait while he searched for the markers he'd stuck in the earth. In a few minutes we were all squatting round a strange-looking flower. No one could have said it was beautiful. "Sniff 'um", commanded Old Stitchwort. "Sniff. Stink like an old goat, that do". It did. Exactly like an old billy goat. "Reckon we can put that on the list now", said the old man. "Reckon we can".

'And there and then he drew out of his pocket the paper headed "Cloakroom Conditions" and added "fen orchid" at the bottom. That's a picture I like to remember: Old Stitchwort, in his bee-veil hat, writing up his triumphant find by the light of a storm lantern in the middle of a Norfolk fen'.



Head of a moose: many fine specimens of these wild animals have been shipped from Newfoundland to Labrador under a government scheme

OPERATION MOOSE

In Newfoundland the Provincial Wild Life Commissioner has just issued a report describing the progress of a government scheme to introduce moose into Labrador in place of the fast-disappearing caribou. In a report to 'Radio Newsreel' from St. John's, MICHAEL HERRINGTON describes how the scheme is going and why it ever became necessary.

'A couple of years ago', he said, 'the Provincial Government found itself facing a situation that required immediate and unusual action. The caribou herds of Labrador which supplied winter meat stock for the Indians and Eskimos had been reported on the decline. Furthermore, the herds, small though they were, were also retreating farther and farther into the hinterland. It was obvious that a new source of fresh meat would have to be found, and "moose" suddenly became the magic word.

'There are moose herds in the portion of Quebec which has a common boundary with Labrador, but their migration has long been prevented by a range of mountains. The only alternative was to round up a number of moose in Newfoundland and ship them to Labrador. The outcome was known in official circles as Operation Moose. Wild Life officials moved into almost virgin country on the province's west coast to begin trapping the animals.

'They built large wooden corrals into which their moose were lured or driven. Many fine specimens were secured in this way. Next they built on the spot huge wooden crates like cages into which the moose were turned for shipment. Using the roads in the woods, built by the paper companies, trucks went in to bring out the crates containing the animals. The crates were brought to the port of Corner Brook and placed aboard steamers which took them to the coast of Labrador. The captive moose were released at selected points. The latest reports show that the Newfoundland moose made excellent progress in their new habitat'.

Trends in Cancer Research

By ALEXANDER HADDOW

CANCER research can be looked at from two aspects. First, as a great endeavour directed towards the understanding, the alleviation, and the cure of the disease in man. As such it is an increasingly active sector of medical research, and this expansion must continue until it results in a substantial contribution to treatment and prevention. But, from the nature of the disease—originating as it does in the living cells of which the tissues and the organs of our bodies are made—cancer research is also an integral part of modern biology, contributing much to it, and receiving much in return.

Dependence on the Basic Sciences

Although the main objective of cancer research is the solution of a medical problem, it by no means follows that purely medical methods alone are adequate, and progress depends not only upon medicine and biology but upon the basic sciences, and especially upon chemistry and physics. So those engaged in it have the double opportunity of contributing not only to the relief of suffering but also, much more widely, to the progress of fundamental science; and I am glad of this occasion to review, very briefly, something of the history of the subject, and to indicate the trends that it shows today.

It is sometimes said that the cancer cell has acquired the power of unlimited growth. But this is not strictly true, because the same power is present in many normal cells. All the cells of the body are derived from the fertilised egg-cell through the process of cell division, and during the development of the normal embryo, cell division proceeds at a pace at least as fast as in many cancers. Even in the adult organism, many kinds of cell—as, for example, of the blood and skin—multiply continuously. The difference lies in the fact that the growth of these normal cells is beautifully and precisely balanced and regulated, so as to serve bodily function and repair, whereas the growth of cancer cells, which need not be more rapid, is not subject to such regulation, and proceeds indefinitely.

Early in the history of cancer research, two main conclusions were quickly reached: first, that the cancer cell and the embryonic cell—the cells in a young embryo—are in many ways remarkably similar; and, secondly, that malignant change involves a reversion to a more primitive state and less specialised function. Modern research not only supports these conclusions but has added to them. Far from the cancer cell having acquired any new property, it appears to have lost something present in normal cells which is required for controlling their growth, so liberating permanently the suppressed growth potential that they had possessed all along. The adult organism is a miracle of orderliness and stability. 'Strange that a harp of a thousand strings should keep in tune so long'. Yet at length one cell or a few may undergo the kind of change I have suggested, so embarking on a course of unrestricted multiplication, with the descendant cells progressively invading and destroying the normal tissues both locally and in distant organs. It is the purpose of cancer research to study the causes of this change, its nature, and the means that can be devised to control or even prevent it.

The Methods Employed

Towards this end, the methods employed are those of clinical medicine, pathology, statistics, and, finally, of experimental pathology in the widest sense. Much can still be learned from clinical medicine and pathology alone, as for example from the study of what you might call geographical pathology, where opportunities are presented of deciphering the relative importance of environmental and racial factors in cancer causation. In what is perhaps the most remarkable example in this field—the high incidence of liver cancer in the South African Bantu—nutritional and dietetic factors appear to be decisive, although their exact

nature has not so far been accurately defined. Other examples in the racial pathology of cancer suggest the same conclusion: the great importance of environmental influences. In another field, cancer research owes a great deal to comparative pathology, through the study of the universal occurrence of cancer in the animal kingdom, and especially, perhaps, of tumours associated with viruses or virus-like agents without any recognised analogy in human pathology.

A productive application, especially of recent years, has been that of medical statistics, as shown by investigations in this country, the United States, and elsewhere, of the cigarette habit in relation to the rising incidence of cancer of the lung. Careful studies of the cancer mortality in England and Wales over the past forty years have also suggested that while there has been a real increase in the incidence of cancer in certain organs—notably for cancer of the lung—and while the true incidence of most other forms is probably stationary, there are certain types of the disease—for example, cancer of the stomach—the frequency of which is slowly declining. The explanation of this encouraging finding is not so far known, but I quote it as an example of the powerful leads we can get from accurate recording and statistical analysis.

Clues to Causes

But the methods of clinical medicine, pathology, and statistics are not in themselves sufficient. This was realised as far back as the beginning of the century, and led to the establishment in this country of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund, and of the Research Institute of the Cancer Hospital. The same trend developed simultaneously in the United States and on the Continent, and within a few years resulted in the widespread application of the experimental method to cancer research, and in a much clearer understanding of the main biological features of the cancer cell. When these had been defined, the next phase was concerned with the causes of cancer. Here, important clues had long been available, from the recognition (in the eighteenth century) of soot as the cause of cancer of the skin in chimney sweeps, and (in the nineteenth century) of exposure to mineral oil as the cause of paraffin cancer in the Scottish shalefield, and of a similar form of the disease in the Lancashire cotton industry where the operatives came into contact with mineral oil.

The chemical nature of the cancer-producing agent in soot, mineral oil, pitch, and coal tar was defined by Sir Ernest Kennaway and his school at the Cancer Hospital, in the 'twenties and 'thirties, as a so-called cyclic aromatic hydrocarbon, benzopyrene. Since that time many other types of chemical substance capable of producing cancer have been discovered, and the same property is to be found in many kinds of radiation—infra-red, ultra-violet, X-rays, alpha and beta radiation, and protons and neutrons. In the past ten years, interest has centred on the mechanism by which so many diverse agents can bring about malignant change. So far as the chemical production of cancer is concerned—and to cut a long story short—it seems that these agents combine with substances responsible for the cell's heredity and growth regulation, and lead to their being eliminated from the cell. Although the evidence is not yet conclusive, it supports the view I have already suggested, that the cancer cell is deficient either in its growth-regulatory systems, or in the hereditary material that is responsible for their synthesis.

I should make it clear that apart from this as it were chemical interpretation of cancer causation, certain tumours—although not in man—are known to be caused by viruses, suggesting a process of infection. These two views are not, however, necessarily opposed, and inevitably they will have to be reconciled in any complete or final picture of the cause of cancer.

So far I have spoken mainly about causes. Ultimately these studies must lead to precise knowledge of the elusive but vital differences between normal and cancer cells. The nature of these differences is, however, also being studied by direct comparison, with the help of a wide range of modern techniques. Complete knowledge of the attributes of the cancer cell could no doubt suggest, on a rational basis, the means by which the disease might be controlled. Meantime, however, the past ten years have seen a great deal of progress in the field of cancer chemotherapy, and much valuable information has been gathered as to the extent to which cancer can be influenced by purely chemical agents.

The subject is still in its merest infancy, yet a few gratifying advances have been made, even although these are of limited application and do not as yet affect the treatment of cancer as a whole. Almost certainly the present chemical remedies will be superseded by far more specific molecules, which may possibly restore the control of cell division and growth in which the cancer cell appears to be deficient. Apart from treatment, there are also thrilling prospects in the sphere of prevention, and in the next ten years much more work will be devoted to this aspect than ever before, especially to the way in which susceptibility to cancer may be modified and diminished by diet and nutrition.

What of the future? It may well be that the history of cancer research will resolve itself into three main phases: first, the impartial exploration of every avenue of attack; secondly, the selection of decisive leads and, thirdly, a phase of development and application. After more than fifty years of cancer research in its modern sense, it seems we are now approaching 'the end of the beginning'. How long must we wait? It is impossible to say. The hard way will certainly be long, but, on the other hand, we cannot exclude unexpected and fortunate discovery.

Research of this kind cannot be hurried forward, as is sometimes the case in the physical and engineering sciences. This is reflected in the relatively small amounts spent on cancer research—and, indeed, on biological research in general—as compared, for example, with the applications of physics. At the present time, expenditure in this country is somewhat less than £1,000,000 annually, partly from the charitable public and partly from Government. Money cannot, of course, supply what is needed—ideas and men. Yet it can supply conditions and facilities to encourage both the generation of ideas and their fruition. Although so much has already been done, the greater part remains to do. I am certain it can and should be tackled with greater urgency, and that there is no room for complacency, of whatever kind.—*Network Three*

Experiments in Colour Television

By SIR HAROLD BISHOP, B.B.C. Director of Engineering

THE B.B.C. has just started a further series of experimental colour television transmissions. These continue the experiments we started two years ago to study the problems of producing, transmitting, and receiving television pictures in colour. The experimental transmissions are being radiated from the Crystal Palace and anyone in the service area can receive them in black and white on an ordinary receiver, or in colour if he is lucky enough to have a colour receiver. The transmissions are being made in co-operation with the radio industry, and in agreement with the Television Advisory Committee, which advises the Postmaster-General on colour television.

Responsibilities of the Postmaster-General

I want to make it clear that the B.B.C. is not committed to the adoption of the system we are using for the experiments; and the decision whether or not there is to be a public service of colour television (and if so the system to be used) rests with the Postmaster-General.

Our experiments have these aims in view: the first is to get further knowledge of the compatibility (that is to say, the ability to receive a colour picture in black and white on an ordinary receiver) which is provided by the American NTSC system. We have adapted this system to British standards and are using it for the tests. Our second objective is to get experience in the operation of a colour studio and colour television equipment. The third is to provide high-grade television picture signals so that the radio industry can develop colour receivers.

These three objectives are closely related. Our results so far are encouraging and seem to show that the NTSC system has great possibilities, but that much has still to be done to develop terminal apparatus both at the transmitting and at the receiving ends. In the studio, the colour camera must be simplified and made more reliable and easier to set up and operate. We hope, for example, that in due course a single picture tube will do the job of the three now used. At the receiving end we are at present dependent upon one make of display tube to reproduce the colour picture. This tube, developed by the Radio Corporation of America, is a fine example of engineering skill, but it is expensive to make and one would expect that further development will lead to simplification, lower cost, and improved quality. There are about forty-two valves in the present experimental colour

receiving sets compared with some twenty in a black and white set. There must obviously be some simplification here to cut cost and improve reliability.

Perhaps we can look forward to a colour projection tube giving a picture on the wall of the living-room comparable in size and quality to the best type of home ciné projectors which are now so popular.

I have not tried to answer the question: Do we want colour added to our television programmes? Nobody would suggest for a moment that it would be a desirable addition to all programmes, but perhaps half of the programmes would have a greater appeal if they were in colour.

There is still a great deal of work to be done before colour can be made as reliable as present-day black and white television. Engineers and scientists are studying these problems now, and although I speak as one whose work will be made more complicated by its introduction, I hope nevertheless that it will not be too long before it comes about.—*Home Service*

A Form of Epitaph

Name in block letters *None that signified*
 Purpose of visit *Barely ascertained*
 Reasons for persevering *Hope—or pride*
 Status before admission here *Regained*
 Previous experience *Nil, or records lost*
 Requirements *Few at heart, not all unmet*
 Knowledge accumulated *At a cost*
 Plans *Vague* Sworn declaration *Not in debt*

Evidence of departure *Orthodox*
 Country of origin *Stateless then, as now*
 Securities where held *In one wood box*
 Address for future reference *Below*

Is further time desired? *Not the clock's*
 Was permit of return petitioned? *No*

LAURENCE WHISTLER

Animal Clocks

By J. D. CARTHY

MANY natural events in the world around us vary rhythmically. One has only to think of the changing of the seasons or of the way in which night follows day; the moon waxes and wanes, and the tides rise and fall. All these changes bring in their train alterations in the conditions that affect animals. For instance, not only is there no sunlight at night but also the air temperature is lower, and the possibility of being dried up is less because there is usually more moisture in the air. And then, many shore animals become really active only when they are covered by the rising tide; they can move out of their hiding places in the sand or under rocks only when there is water in which they move. So such animals are roused into action when the tide rises, to come to rest once more when the water falls away from them. So, also, a nocturnal animal emerges to run about at night, often protected by the darkness from its enemies, and, in the case of animals like wood-lice, from being killed by dessication as well.

The Anemone in an Aquarium

It is plain that animals must take advantage to the full of the more favourable conditions that present themselves at times. This means that some stimulus connected with the new conditions must rouse the animal into activity—so that a sea anemone on the shore expands when it is covered by water. But the interesting thing is that many animals continue their rhythmic activities even when they are removed from the influence of the changing conditions. The sea anemones, for example, in an aquarium tank continue to expand, open out, and then contract, at much the same time as other anemones left on the shore: this, even though there are no tides in the tank. And many other animals that are active by day and still by night will go on showing this rhythm of activity even when they are kept in constant darkness, or constant light. The rhythms may not always persist for long; they may begin to break down and become irregular after a few days, or a week, but they may go on for months. However long they last there must be something that controls the activity while the rhythm is shown.

The rhythms may be of many kinds as well as sheer active movement. Our body temperature fluctuates so that it reaches a low level each morning at about four or five; the oxygen consumption of some marine snails varies rhythmically following the tides. One much-studied rhythm is the daily expansion and contraction of the cells containing coloured pigments in the skin of fiddler crabs. As these rhythms are maintained under uniform conditions, there must be some time-keeping mechanism within the animal, which continues to tick over, as it were, at the right rate. To find out more about it, the effect of various conditions, such as temperature, can be investigated, as well as the effects of different drugs.

Time-sense in Bees

In the nineteen-thirties it was shown that honeybees could be taught to come for food at a particular time of the day. Finding bees at the table only at tea-time suggested these experiments. But the importance of this time-sense to bees lies not in their ability to learn when food will be on a table, but in the fact that some flowers give nectar only at particular times of the day, and to visit them outside these times would be a wasted journey. Be that as it may, the bees were then fed with chemicals that increased the speed of their metabolism, and they arrived early. Their clocks had apparently been made to go faster than usual. When they were kept in a refrigerator in between the times at which they were trained to visit, they were late, so their clocks had been slowed down, it appeared. These experiments are characteristic of many that have been done on bees, and other

animals as well; in general, factors such as drugs or warmth, which speed up metabolism, speed up the clocks, and those that decrease the speed slow down the rhythm. So that the time keeper seems to be some metabolic activity.

At least one of these clocks is resistant to wide ranges of temperature. This is the one that controls the rhythm of expansion and contraction of the pigment cells in the fiddler crab. It is a well-established rhythm, if the length of time it persists under uniform conditions is any indication, because it remains precisely correct for many weeks. Temperatures between six and twenty-six degrees centigrade have no influence on the rhythm, though at the lower temperature the cells expand less far than they do at the higher ones. But when the temperature is lowered still further, to between nought and two degrees centigrade, the rhythm is abolished, to appear once again when the temperature is increased. The new rhythm however may, or may not, be in phase with the original one. For example, after the temperature has been kept at nought degrees for six hours, the rhythm will be a quarter of a cycle out of phase, but if cooled for twenty-four hours it will again be in phase.

Transferred Rhythms

Rhythms can actually be transferred from one cockroach to another. This can be done by allowing the blood from one to diffuse through into another, or by taking part of the nervous system from one and implanting it in another. In either case the second cockroach takes on the rhythm that the first one has been following. It seems that a hormone may be produced in bursts in the first insect, and, indeed, the part of the nervous system transferred has many hormone-secreting cells in it.

Since these rhythms break down after a period when the animals are kept in constant conditions, the suggestion is that the internal clock is put right by the natural events with which it coincides. Indeed, if an artificial cycle of events, say light and dark periods out of phase with the natural ones, is imposed on an animal its clock can be made to go wrong. It is remarkable how short a time is required to correct the clock. For example, mayfly larvae raised in the dark show no particular rhythm of activity, but after they have been exposed to normal conditions for only a single day and a night they show a diurnal rhythm of activity, an accurate twenty-four-hour clock which remains with them for the rest of their life as larvae.

Not only do clocks play an important part in rousing an animal to favourable conditions, but they also are essential to those animals that navigate by the sun. Navigation by taking a bearing on the sun is possible only if we have an accurate clock so that we can compensate for the sun's movement. Therefore, having found that a number of animals—birds, sandhoppers, honeybees, and water-skaters among them—can, and do, navigate by the sun, it is not surprising to find that they possess internal clocks which make their navigation accurate.

There is now much evidence that birds navigate by means of the sun. That they do compensate for the sun's movement can be shown by training experiments. In these the birds are put into a circular cage around which are spaced at equal intervals a number of feeding boxes. All other clues except the sun are excluded. It is possible to train a bird to feed at almost any one box occupying a particular compass position. And it continues to go to this one whatever the time of day, so long as it can see the sun or a restricted area of sky round the sun. When the sun is replaced by an electric light and all view of the sky excluded, a bird would still orientate at the correct angle to the artificial sun for any particular time of the day.

More evidence for the clock comes if the animal's clock is apparently made to be ahead, or behind, the normal events. Notice that this is not a matter of speeding up or slowing down

the clock, as was done with the honeybees, but of putting it out of synchronisation with the natural cycle while retaining its normal speed. One of the German scientists studying the clocks in starlings trained two birds to feed at boxes in certain compass directions. He then kept the birds for eighteen days in artificial day-night conditions six hours behind the normal. When he tested them with the food boxes he found that their orientation was altered by a right-angle in a clockwise direction; in other words, it was just what would be expected if their clocks had been retarded by a quarter of a cycle, that is, by six hours out of twenty-four.

There is evidence, too, that an internal clock plays a part in pigeon homing. Though it has proved difficult to alter their orientation as easily as was the starling's, some pigeons, after treatment which might have been expected to put their clocks wrong, did appear less able to head in the right direction. First they were kept for four or five days in conditions of irregular periods of light and dark, the intention being to break up any rhythm they had: a rhythm was then reimposed by keeping them in a cycle of light and dark equivalent to day and night but three hours out of phase. On release these pigeons tended to go off in a false direction, which was, in fact, the one they would have been expected to take with a clock that was wrong by three hours.

Sun-navigation is not restricted to birds. Honeybees, too, utilise a form of it, and they also can compensate for the sun's movement. This is not surprising, perhaps, when we remember their ability to learn to come for food at particular times. And there are spiders which skate on the surface of rivers and estuaries keeping close to one bank. If they are taken to the middle of the river, or the other side, they go straight back to the correct place immediately they are released. The Italian scientist who investigated this found that, once again, here is an animal that navigates by means of the sun and which is capable of compensating for the sun's movement. As a matter of fact, he and another Italian

scientist had already shown that provided that the sun or part of the blue sky is visible a sandhopper can make its way down the shore to the moist sand near the edge of the sea, always heading in the right direction. When some of these hoppers were kept in artificial day and night, twelve hours out of phase with the real cycle, they were about 180 degrees out in their navigation—just the expected amount if their clocks had been put half a cycle out.

A remarkable recent discovery by a German zoologist concerns a fairly common pond-skater. When put on the bank, this insect tends to head south and it gets its heading from the sun's direction. Again it does not matter what time of day it is, the heading is generally correct. Even on a starlit night it heads south at whatever time of night it may be, so that the compensation mechanism can apparently work for the stars' movement as well.

Though we know a good deal about the results of the activity of these internal clocks we know precious little about their mechanism. They are almost certainly metabolic because all the factors that influence them affect the rate of chemical changes; though, upon which *one* of the vast number of metabolic activities in the body they depend, we do not know. In a warm-blooded creature like a mammal, or a bird, where the regulation of the body temperature is efficient, or reasonably so, outside temperatures may not affect a metabolic clock very much. But in a cold-blooded creature, whose body temperature follows the fluctuations of the temperature of its surroundings, we might expect the speed of the clock to fluctuate as well. Perhaps most of the clocks in these animals will be found to be as resistant to temperature change as the one controlling pigment-cell expansion in fiddler crabs. However that may be, on the face of it, it looks as though the mechanism is common to many forms of animal, though in the different groups it could depend upon different metabolic processes. The search to unravel these mysteries will be fascinating, but undoubtedly it will be very difficult.—*Network Three*

'The Mystery of Mountain Climbing'

RAYMOND GREENE on the centenary of the Alpine Club

THE Alpine Club is celebrating its centenary this month. The Queen and Prince Philip are going to be at a Reception in the Great Hall of Lincoln's Inn in December. There is an exhibition of Alpine art and photography in the Club itself. Only those who do not climb will wonder why there should be all this excitement about a little club of about 600 members which has hitherto been fairly successful in its well-bred efforts to keep out of the lime-light.

The fact is that the Alpine Club was the first club for mountaineers in the world. A hundred years may not seem a very long time, especially to a few of the members who have belonged to it for more than half its life; but in that time it has become a sort of shrine, the repository of tradition, and—I find this rather hard to put into words which will mean anything at all to flatlanders—

the cathedral of the mystery of mountain climbing. I mean 'mystery' not to imply something which you cannot understand, but in the older sense of 'a religious truth divinely revealed, especially one beyond human reason' (that, anyhow, will appeal to the non-climbers!) and also 'a handicraft' in the old guild sense, like the 'mystery' of the goldsmith.

The amazing popularity of the sport today springs from many different causes and some of them—the obsessional pursuit of danger, the desire to 'get away from it all', the longing to prove oneself to oneself, and many more—probably operate more strongly now than in the leisured days of 1857. A regrettable element of international competition has even appeared. The ideas which led to the founding of the Alpine Club are set out with 'period' charm in the first volume of *Peaks, Passes and Glaciers*, the journal which soon



Engraving from a certificate issued in the early years of the Alpine Club to members who had made the ascent of Mont Blanc

became *The Alpine Journal*, the first periodical devoted to the new sport.

The editor wrote:

Of late years . . . an increasing desire has been felt to explore the unknown and little frequented districts of the Alps. . . It was thought that many of those who have been engaged in similar undertakings would willingly avail themselves of occasional opportunities for meeting together, for communicating information as to past excursions, and for planning new achievements; and a hope was entertained that such an association might indirectly advance the general progress of knowledge, by directing the attention of men, not professedly followers of science, to particular points in which their assistance may contribute valuable results.

Sir Arnold Lunn has classified the early members of the Club, the 281 who were elected between the foundation and 1863. The weight belonged to the intellectual upper middle class. To join the Club it was necessary to be not only a mountaineer but a gentleman. This rule led to some curious results. In those days election was by the body of the Club and by secret ballot, one blackball in ten excluding. Mummery, the great mountaineer who was killed afterwards on Nanga Parbat, was a tanner by trade and despite the support of the vast majority of the members was persistently blackballed. His final election is said to have been obtained by Coolidge, who was in charge of the ballot box and shifted some balls from the 'No' compartment to the 'Aye'; but Coolidge was probably boasting.

At a much later date a famous mountaineer, proposed by the president himself and supported by two ex-presidents and a galaxy of famous members, was blackballed because of an ill-founded suspicion of professionalism. When the result was announced, the president and the whole front row walked out and the meeting broke up in disorder. Several years later I was one of the revolutionaries responsible for wresting the power of election from the general meeting and transferring it to the committee. The candidate in question, who happily had got in just in time under the old rule, congratulated the president, Lord Schuster, on opening the stable door after the steed was in.

I have been a member of the Alpine Club for just one third of its life, but when I was elected thirty-three years ago the Club was already venerable. I find it difficult to describe its position in the climbing world of those days except by a series of *clichés*: it was the hub, the Mecca, the lodestone, and all sorts of things like that. But the hold which the Club held over the thoughts of mountaineers is best brought home by two apparently opposed facts. In the first place, it appeared on the face of things to be almost entirely useless; and, in the second place, despite its apparent uselessness, there existed no young climber, however impecunious, who did not aspire to membership, who would not have sold all he had (except his ice-axe, his boots, and his rope) to pay the entrance fee. I remember Leo Amery, who had held most of the more important posts in the government of his country, saying that the greatest honour he had ever achieved was the presidency of the Alpine Club, and I know that he meant what he said.



An illustration from Edward Whymper's *Ascent of the Matterhorn*: Whymper and two guides, Peter Taugwalder and his son, watching a fog-bow on their way down after the first successful ascent of the mountain in July 1865. This fog-bow was seen shortly after the disaster in which four of their companions perished, and according to Whymper was thought by the Taugwalders to have some supernatural connection with the accident.

The Club was founded only three years after the ascent of the Wetterhorn by Mr. Justice Wills. It was not the first ascent but it was an event which you might regard as the beginning of English mountain climbing as we know it. Three years later, in 1860, Whymper went to the Alps for the first time. Leslie Stephen, Hinchliff, John Ball, Alfred Wills, and A. W. Moore were already mopping up the peaks. The Matterhorn was still unclimbed. Its first ascent and the disaster which nearly ended Whymper's climbing was still eight years ahead. It was a disaster which led to violent attacks upon the Alpine Club for encouraging a sport which offered to its followers, in the words of *The Times*, 'the equal alternative of an idle boast and a horrible death'. 'It is magnificent', a leading article cried, 'but is it life? Is it duty? Is it common sense?' The members of the Club answered in effect that even if it was not either duty or common sense it *was* life, and they went on climbing.

But the impact of public disapproval may have had its effect. The Club began to feel that it had a duty to shape the traditions of the new sport and above all to encourage safety as an ideal. Guideless climbing was on the increase. As early as 1855 Hudson, Kennedy, Ainsley, and the two Smyths had climbed Mont Blanc without guides. In 1858

Professor Tyndall climbed Monte Rosa not only guideless but alone. The three Parker brothers made many guideless ascents between 1860 and 1865. What started the row was the publication in 1870 of Girdlestone's book, *The High Alps Without Guides*. A general meeting of the Club passed a resolution that



Charles Evans and Tom Bourdillon wearing the equipment of modern high-altitude mountaineering during the successful assault on Everest in 1953 when Sir Edmund Hillary and Sherpa Tensing reached the summit.

By courtesy of the Mount Everest Foundation

the 'neglect to take guides on difficult expeditions . . . is totally unjustifiable and calculated to produce the most lamentable results'. The resolution probably did little harm. Indeed, although it was passed *nem. con.*, nobody (least of all many who voted for it) seems to have taken any notice at all. Guideless climbing went ahead just the same.

When I was elected in 1924, the earliest of the pioneers were dead but many of the great ones lived on. Coolidge, though too old to climb, was still carrying on his secondary career of quarrelling with anybody who would quarrel with him. The famous guideless climbers, Bradby and Claude Wilson, were still going strong, though their pioneering days were over and they had recently lost their partners, Wicks and Wills. Douglas Freshfield, who looked rather like a rock peak himself, was frequenting the Club rooms. General Bruce's great laugh could still be heard. You might run into Sir Aurel Stein, whose feet always looked too small because he had left his toes in Central Asia; or Sir Francis Younghusband, dreaming of the conquest of Everest still thirty years ahead. Of the Everesters you might meet George Mallory or General Norton or (of those still with us) Tom Longstaff looking like a diminutive pirate, Odell or Somervell on one of his rare visits from his Indian hospital; or Wollaston, who had not yet met his death at the hands of a Cambridge undergraduate. Norman Collie's cadaverous face was still to be seen. Perhaps Slingsby would persuade you to try Norway next year. Geoffrey Winthrop Young was still amazing the world by climbing better on one leg than most people with two.

Seeing Shelley Plain

For us in those days such names brought to the Alpine Club an effulgence which still faintly glows.

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems and new!

I have said that the Alpine Club of those days served no obviously useful purpose. The only meal served was afternoon tea with buttered toast and Dundee cake. You could not buy any drink and even now you can do it only after a general meeting. There were no bedrooms. The Club organised no climbing parties and did nothing at all to help the tyro to the mountains. True, there were regular lectures and it had sponsored the production of Ball's guidebook and the Conway and Coolidge pocket Alpine guides, and, of course, *The Alpine Journal*. But the main thing was the daily chance that you might see 'Shelley plain' and that in the small, cosy sitting-room of the Club he would certainly stop and speak with you and probably give you a piece of Dundee cake, and, with luck, a piece of his mind. Somehow, he had heard of that frightful mess you had made of the Breithorn.

But there was one really great thing the Alpine Club did—it invented the Alpine guide. When first the English invaded Switzerland (adding a considerable amount to the country's 'invisible exports' and turning it into the most remunerative tourist resort in the world) there were no guides in the sense in which we use the word today. They found a few peasants who could afford the time from their agricultural pursuits and paid them well to show them the way through the often intricate valleys and over the low passes which lay between the cow byres and still primitive hotels in which they slept and the mountains they wanted to climb. On the mountain themselves, the 'guides' usually fell behind their employers and carried up for them their often cumbersome belongings which frequently included a few bottles of wine to be consumed in triumph on the summit.

But the remarkable thing was that the peasants discovered it was fun. They enjoyed it as much as their employers. Gradually they began to climb mountains on their own, and soon they began to surpass in skill all but the very best of their employers. There grew up rapidly a special and intimate relationship between the amateurs and the professionals, a deep friendship and trust in which the relationship between employer and employed was completely lost. In the end, it was usually the guide who led the climb and was accorded the honour for it.

In consequence more and more of the English with little or no experience of mountain climbing went to Switzerland for the sport they could find there, knowing that they would be led,

taught the craft, and protected by Swiss guides whose whole profession mountaineering had become. Despite the Club ban, the process eventually began to go into reverse, and now in European mountain ranges it is again the amateurs who set the pace. But the Swiss Alpine guide retains his position of honour, very near to the heart of all English climbers.

Towards Everest

It was only natural that people who had become experts on the mountains of Europe should begin to look further afield. Soldiers and surveyors had written and talked about the Himalayas, but climbing these purely for sport began when Graham explored the Sikkim and Kumaun Himalayas with two Swiss guides. After that, famous Alpine Club names—Hastings, Conway, Freshfield, Collie, Mummery—began to crop up in the Himalayan records. These men were often accompanied by Swiss guides such as Imboden, Boss, Brocherel, and Zurbriggen. Then we began to hear the names of Younghusband, Bruce, Longstaff, Mumm, Meade. The first world war brought a lull, but soon after it was over the Alpine Club itself deflected its eyes from the Alps and in partnership with the Royal Geographical Society sponsored the series of expeditions which ended in the ascent of Everest in 1953.

During these inter-war years, another change began. The early Himalayan mountaineers took Swiss guides with them, recruiting local men as porters, just as their forebears had recruited the local Swiss peasants. But just as the Swiss porters became guides, so the Himalayan people have begun to change. The Sherpas had the first chance, because so many of them lived in Darjeeling, the most convenient jumping-off place for many of the finest peaks, including Everest itself. The English taught the Sherpas how to climb and the Sherpas began to see the fun of it and to go with the English not only for the money they could earn but for the fun of the game. Not only the Sherpas, however. Many other races, particularly perhaps the Gurkhas and the Garwhalis, have proved good mountaineers and companions. In 1931, on the ascent of Kamet, the first 25,000-foot peak to be climbed, the Sherpa Lewa was given the honour of making first the last footstep to the summit, and Kesar Singh, a Garwhali, also reached the top, an admirable 'middle man' between Colonel Birnie and myself.

The succession of Everest expeditions and of many less ambitious expeditions in the Himalayas have given to the Sherpas and other Indian and Pakistani climbers the opportunities given a century earlier to the peasants of Switzerland. They have made every possible use of the opportunities they have been given to learn the craft from the expert amateurs from Europe with whom they have climbed. The highlights of publicity have shone most on Tensing, who was the first Sherpa to be promoted from the porter corps to the climbing party and who accompanied Sir Edmund Hillary to the summit of Everest itself. But in the meantime dozens of Indian and Pakistani porters have begun to follow unknowingly the example of the Swiss. They are the friends and will soon be the guides to the Europeans who come to climb their mountains.

Future of the Club

What will happen to the Alpine Club? Even those of us who love it as it was and realise the impact it has had in Alpine history from the Matterhorn to Everest realise that change is inevitable. Mountaineers once formed a small, compact group of professional men with long purses or long vacations, or both. The rise in the general income, and the relative fall in professional income, has changed all that. There has been an immense spread of this mountain madness through all classes in the country and most mountaineers think that this is a good thing. There are few young men nowadays who cannot afford mountain holidays; if not abroad, then at home. But they cannot bear the expense of a Mayfair club, and, brought up in a different tradition, they ask reasonably what the Alpine Club can do for them which the newer associations of mountaineers cannot do.

Many of us feel, sadly it is true, that the Club must change its ways and, while trying to preserve all the best things that inspired the Alpine world, start its second hundred years not looking back but forward, to a century of less period charm, perhaps, but of more real usefulness.—*Third Programme*

The Reasons for Europe

By SIR LLEWELLYN WOODWARD

EUROPE, as we all know, is a continent extending westwards from the Ural Mountains. If, as a good method of looking at something familiar in an unfamiliar way, you turn the map of this continent upside down, you will notice that west of a line drawn from Danzig on the Baltic to Odessa on the Black Sea, Europe is a peninsula made up of peninsulas. Nine of the European capitals west of this line are either seaports or under thirty miles from the sea. You may also notice that you can pencil on the map a rough quadrilateral of which the west side will run from Scotland through eastern Ireland to Madrid, and the southern side from Madrid to Naples. Thence you go north through Vienna to Stockholm, and westwards back to Scotland. You will have included in your quadrilateral Great Britain, France, the Low Countries, nearly all Germany as it existed in 1914, and a great part of Italy, Spain, and the old Austrian Empire. The area within this quadrilateral has been for the last five centuries what I might call the effective area of European civilisation. There has always been an effective area of this kind. For at least 1,000 years before it moved north and west, the effective area was round the Mediterranean.

Turbulence and Instability

Whether you take the larger area or the smaller quadrilateral, the history of peninsular Europe has been extremely turbulent. Successive waves of immigrants or raiders have fought their way in, until Celtic and Germanic tribes came to occupy most of the north and west and Slavs most of the east and south-east. As you go west towards the ocean from the Danzig-Odessa line the lie of the land, the disposition of mountains and rivers become more suitable for defence. The largest of the European islands—Great Britain—has not been successfully invaded for nearly 900 years; on the other hand the boundary between Slavs and Germans on the eastern European plain has remained unstable to this day. Furthermore, the number and variety of the areas of settlement have allowed the differentiation, if you like the crystallisation, of separate political units. Local dialects have become national languages, local customs national systems of law, and tribal communities have developed into nation states.

The first long period of European civilisation in the Mediterranean included the rise of the Greek city states. The achievements of the Greeks are without parallel, and not only in the arts or in political thinking. They were active traders and colonists; one small Greek community about 600 B.C. sent out men to found the city now known as Marseilles. The Romans carried this classical civilisation north and west of the Alps along their great roads. It is worth remembering, as an indication of the level at which they and the peoples whom they brought under their rule lived, that the better Roman houses in Britain—on the very edge of the Roman Empire—had bathrooms and central heating, domestic amenities hardly known to the contemporaries of the Pilgrim Fathers.

The Roman Emperors adopted Christianity just before their empire broke into two parts, an eastern and a western, with the result that, long before the rise of Protestantism, the Christian Church was itself divided into a so-called Orthodox or Greek Church with its centre at Constantinople and a western Church with its centre in Rome. Practically the whole of the modern European quadrilateral was converted to Christianity by missionaries from the western and Roman half. Indeed, after migrating tribes had broken into the western Empire and destroyed its central governing authority, the Papacy remained in Rome as the guardian of a secular as well as of a religious tradition. If you want to measure the importance of this guardianship, you may notice that the words 'clerk' and 'cleric' have the same origin and that they meant people who could read or write. In 1066 few laymen possessed these accomplishments.

The collapse of the western Roman Empire before barbarian tribes was due to many reasons. Some of the Roman problems were curiously like our own—currency inflation, the ruin of an active middle class under the burden of taxation, the growth of a too-powerful bureaucracy, the heavy costs of defence. For five centuries and more after this Roman collapse western Europe passed through a time of violence, dirt, discomfort, and superstition, and yet—and this a characteristic European feature—there was also a sustained effort to restore order and re-establish law. Read a life of the Emperor Charlemagne or of the English King Alfred, and you will see what men of their kind tried to do. Meanwhile the eastern Roman Empire held on in Constantinople until it, too, finally collapsed before the Ottoman Turks. This collapse came within the childhood of people who might have lived to see the beginning of the Protestant Reformation, and, long before the collapse took place, the Greek Church had set a permanent mark on what is now Russia.

It is customary to speak of the period between the collapse of the western Empire and modern times as a 'middle age'. Obviously this is not a term which Europeans themselves would have used during the centuries in question. You cannot have a middle age unless it is flanked by ages on either side of it. Yet looking back now, the description is not a bad one. Perhaps some 100 years hence our descendants may label us, who think of ourselves as 'modern', as belonging to this middle age, but anyhow here and now we may ask what is on our side of this middle age, what do we mean by distinguishing ourselves as 'modern'? Broadly speaking, the modern age has been one in which, for the first time since the Greeks, and in a more sustained way, men have begun to apply the principles of mathematical reasoning to the business of everyday life. One word—technology—distinguishes this age from earlier ages, and technology of a highly advanced kind has been primarily a European invention and the source of European power.

The transition to this age came at first slowly, and then, after about the middle of the eighteenth century, so rapidly that it has been described as an 'industrial revolution'. Historians, I think, are less inclined than they once were to use labels of this kind, just as they are less ready to speak of the beginnings of the modern age as a renaissance or revival of learning, or to equate the Protestant Reformation with the rise of capitalism. Western Europe has had at least three revivals of learning, and there were capitalists before there were Protestants. Even so, a new intellectual attitude did appear in Europe between 1400 and 1500. It is easier to see than to describe this attitude. You can see it best in people like Leonardo da Vinci. Perhaps the term 'free curiosity' describes it. Free curiosity is not the same thing as freedom of thought, but it leads to freedom of thought, to a questioning of traditional authority. It leads also to a realisation of the value of unprejudiced observation and measurement, something which we call scientific method.

'History Is Not Tidy'

One must remember, however, that history is not tidy. Technical inventions begin as someone's bright idea, but they themselves may bring a new attitude of mind, and this attitude may lead to more invention. Thus the development of printing made possible a wider diffusion of knowledge; the spread of knowledge—for example, knowledge of the principles of navigation—led Europeans to explore the rest of the world from which they had been almost isolated. Exploration led to conquest which was again relatively easy because Europeans had devised vastly superior instruments of war. Large-scale settlement was a later affair; there were not enough Europeans to people great empty spaces. Trade was the main objective; as late as 1763 a British Government hesitated between taking Canada

or the rich but small West Indian island of Guadeloupe as a prize of war.

Once again, however, let me say that this immense expansion of European power was not owing merely to semi-automatic advances in technique. These advances at home and the expansion of European power abroad would have been impossible if Europeans had not also worked out for themselves more efficient systems of government and administration. The tendency to move from trade to political occupation was easier because, owing to this superiority in governing, occupation brought peace and order. The oddness of it all may be seen in the history of the English East India Company of which it has been said that it maintained armies and retailed tea.

The European advances in technique and in government were at the greatest in relation to the rest of the world during the nineteenth century, but the easy predominance which they gave could not be lasting. In time the permanent settlements of Europeans in America and elsewhere were likely to outnumber in population and resources the Europe from which they were made. Moreover there has been an important shift of the balance in Europe itself. The area east of the Danzig-Odessa line is no longer a vast region of peasants recently emerged from agricultural serfdom. Russia was becoming in the seventeenth century an important European power, but her industrial transformation on a large scale is a fact of our own day. Thus western Europe—the Europe of the quadrilateral—is now overshadowed by two units of immense strength: the United States and the Soviet Union. Moreover—and in the long run this may be the most important factor—during the last two generations, and earlier in the case of Japan, peoples of non-European stock have learned European political ideas as well as European technique.

It is easier to move a tractor than it is to transplant a full-grown tree. The western European political tradition is like a tree. It has grown slowly; its roots lie deep, and may not flourish

in other soils. In any case, a historian cannot but feel disquiet that the non-European peoples too often fail to choose what is best and most profound in European political thought. The pursuit of a closed and absolute national sovereignty was once of service to the European nations. That time is obviously past, and public opinion, at least in western Europe, has come to realise that the closed sovereign national state has outrun its usefulness. Nevertheless a great part of the rest of the world is now seized with an emotional fervour to run after and take to itself this outmoded form of political organisation. In an age of atomic power, transcontinental missiles, and air travel in the stratosphere, beating the ancient drums of national exclusiveness is a sign not of intellectual vitality but of the reverse.

I am a historian, without any gift of prophecy, but I see no reason to be melancholy about the future of Europeans now that their short period of easy predominance is over. The European quadrilateral is still, taking all in all, a good place for the ordinary man. It still offers the most favourable environment for the free human intelligence; the disciplined intelligence which pursues subjects—technical, political, and artistic—beyond the accepted and the commonplace into the difficult and the unknown. Perhaps I may be allowed without boasting to add one other consideration, which must impress any student of history. From century to century in the middle ages as well as in the modern age many of the clearest and ablest minds of western Europe have looked forward to a European commonwealth. This has been the dream of churchmen and lawyers as well as of poets, of philosophers as well as of politicians. This dream could be nearer now to realisation than ever before. If the dream is realised, Europeans, who in the course of history have brought both good and evil to the rest of the world, will have been true to what is finest in their own past, and will have set another example of political invention on the grand scale. They will also have shown to others a path out of the valley of the shadow of death.—*General Overseas Service*

Collecting English Antique Furniture

By JOHN LOWE

TWO main problems face people who collect furniture today. First, the fundamental question of buying: where should I buy and how much should I pay? Second, what kind of knowledge and training, or, if you like, experience, is most valuable in helping me to buy wisely and, above all, to avoid the fake?

Those are the two questions that I want to discuss here, but before I come to them I would like to offer one word of advice to those people who are thinking of starting to collect but who have not yet decided what kind or what period of English furniture to go for. Apart from questions of price, there is another consideration which must influence your choice. You must consider the kind of background your house or flat will provide for your collection. Furniture, unlike stamps, coins, or other small objects, depends largely for its effect on its setting, from which it will gain or lose. A Hepplewhite bookcase will never look happy crouched beneath the heavy oak beam of a Tudor cottage, nor will the merits of an Elizabethan cupboard be most

apparent backed by a Regency-stripe wallpaper. If you live in an Adam house and develop a longing for oak furniture, there are only two answers to your problem: deny the longing or move.

I now come, rather nervously, to the question of buying and prices. I would like to encourage you, to assure you that knowledge and experience will lead to wonderful bargains round every street corner, and that if only you will avoid current fashions you can collect for a song; but I cannot. Bargains are rarer than the finest furniture itself, and judging by the prices nothing is completely out of fashion. As one dealer said to me: 'Everything's expensive; most things are wickedly expensive'. With the present scarcity of any kind of good quality furniture, there are no longer those unfashionable byways, neglected oak or unwanted walnut, where the modest collector can follow his more specialised tastes.

One must face the fact that this is no longer a field for the collector with only a few pounds to spare. Let me give a few concrete examples. During the past few weeks I have gone round a num-



Court-cupboard: walnut carved and inlaid; late sixteenth century

ber of antique shops, both in London and in the country, noting the prices asked for certain types of furniture. From these I have worked out a rough scale showing the range of price you must expect to pay for such pieces. At the lowest end I have considered only those pieces which, though extremely simple, have sufficient quality and interest to be called collector's items. It is harder to define the higher price ranges, for so much depends on the quality of a particular piece and in the present inflationary market the sky seems no longer to be the limit. Every month prices for the finest English furniture soar higher and higher into four figures. So this is only a rough scale and if, as I am certain, for every figure I mention there is someone listening who has just bought a piece for half that sum, either you have bought something of lower quality than the piece I have in mind or you have been extraordinarily lucky. I advise you to keep where you found this treasure strictly to yourself.

Let us consider the price of chairs. You will notice at once that the price increases enormously from single chairs to matching pairs and even more with the much-sought-after sets of six or eight. A good but very simple mahogany chair of the Chippendale period, without arms, may be bought for £20 to £30, but the moment you find a pair, the pair will cost you £50 to £100. With sets, two armchairs and six single chairs in the fashionable Hepplewhite style would cost anything from £300 to £400 and upwards to £2,000 or more, depending on their quality. For upholstered chairs, good mid-eighteenth-century, a wing-back chair fetches between £150 and £500, depending largely on the quality and carving of the legs. These, I admit, are examples from the most fashionable styles.

What about chairs of less-sought-after periods, say the seventeenth century? The answer is disappointing, for there seems to be sufficient demand for all good quality furniture to keep all prices high. A single high-backed Charles II walnut chair, which one might imagine had little market today, might fetch between £35 and £85 if it is a good example. The only really cheap chair I have seen in the past few weeks was one of those pretty Victorian *papier-mâché* chairs, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, at £12—but be quick, for Victorian furniture is going up in price every day.

You may be saying, 'Ah, yes! But surely these are London prices! What about out in the country in the small antique shops?' Only last week I went into just such a shop and saw a Chippendale-style armchair of the plainest sort, totally without carved decoration, the mahogany a poor starved colour and the splat a modern replacement; price £42. London or country, the story is depressingly the same.

One small suggestion about collecting chairs. If you want a set of six or eight eighteenth-century chairs, you pay heavily for the fact that they match. You could, however, build up an extremely interesting set of unmatching chairs which will reward you far more as a collector and cost half the price. You can also always increase the num-



Bookcase in the 'Gothic' style: mahogany, based on a design in Chippendale's *Director*; about 1760

ber if you want to without breaking the set, and having completed it, you can then concentrate on replacing chairs already there with new finds of a better quality. This is one of the few openings left to the genuine collector of modest means.

There are the prices, and it is a gloomy story which may leave few people to ask the next question. 'Where is the best place to buy? Should I try bidding myself in the sale room or is it always best to buy through a dealer?' This is an arguable question and I can give only my personal view. I should nearly always buy through a dealer, having made certain first that he was a reliable one. There may be the odd sale where you can safely bid for yourself, but the chances are that if there is something there that interests you the dealers will be there too, and you may well be run up by them to a higher price than you would have paid in the shop. A good dealer is worth his percentage. You pay for his experience of the market and his knowledge of the furniture, and if, after the sale, you find the piece is not all that the catalogue claimed, your dealer gives you some means of redress.

Above all, wherever you buy, do not always be on the look out for bargains. Take the occasional bargain—and it will be occasional—with gratitude; but otherwise know what you want and be prepared to pay the price, and

even a little more. The dealer soon gets to know the perpetual haggler and bargain hunter. He has a simple remedy. Every time you enter his shop his prices all go up by an imaginary ten per cent., he allows you to knock him down five, and you retire having paid five per cent. more than you need for your imagined bargain.

Faced with this depressing picture of scarcity and high prices, I would urge the collector to remember one thing. Decide clearly what you can afford to spend on collecting, then buy only the best



Commode: mahogany, marquetry of various woods and ormolu mounts, by John Cobb; about 1775

within your own price range. If you lower your price, collect in a field of simpler furniture where you will not be forced to lower your standards. Do not hanker after lavishly carved Chippendale furniture; if you try to buy that kind of furniture which is beyond your means, you will end up with a collection of second-rate examples and pretentious fakes.

Go for quality, even if it is only simple quality. I would encourage you by saying that the grandest English furniture is not always the best; that is not just sour grapes. Bad taste was not invented in the nineteenth century and there are plenty of extremely grand and expensive pieces of eighteenth-century furniture whose only merit is a fireworks display of fine craftsmanship, but which lack the elegance and good sense of proportions to be found in many simpler and cheaper pieces. But whatever you aspire to, a £4,000 Vile commode or a £100 Hepplewhite chest-of-drawers, demand that high quality which is the hallmark of eighteenth-century design and craftsmanship.

On the other hand, do not ignore the finest pieces simply because you cannot afford them, for it is from the best examples that your simpler furniture will have inherited its qualities; by constant looking at the fine furniture in museums or country houses you will train your eye to recognise those qualities when you meet them again in the dealer's shop or the sales room.

I now come to the question of what knowledge and experience you need to be a good collector and, above all, to enable you to spot fakes. Out-and-out faking has now almost entirely stopped; high craftsmen's wages and other factors no longer make it a paying proposition. But the collector is still faced with bad restoration and what one might charitably call 'improvements'—for instance, the Victorian cupboard that overnight becomes an enticing and highly expensive piece of Regency. He is also faced with all the fakes of the past, still vigorously in circulation and daily more deceptive with increasing age. Many fakes are not good enough to deceive any but the greenest beginner; others are frighteningly authentic and have deceived the most experienced experts, for a time at any rate.

Early in this century, one of the first and most serious collectors of English furniture was walking down a London back street when he saw a beautifully carved mid-eighteenth-century table in a shop window which seemed identical to one he had recently bought for his own collection. He went in to ask the price and was extremely irritated to find that it was exactly £100 less than the price he had paid for his own. He and the old man in the shop began talking and the collector remarked how sad it was that the fine craftsmanship which had produced that table had now vanished. Pride conquered discretion and the old man burst out: 'Not a bit of it. I made that table myself, and what's more I've made a lot more pieces just as good for an old buffer who lives in St. Albans'. The distinguished collector was the old buffer in question!*

Unfortunately, I cannot tell you some magical rule-of-thumb method for detecting fakes and dishonest restorations. This ability comes only from long experience, from training the eye in the ways I have already mentioned, and from constantly examining antique furniture, both genuine and spurious, until one develops an instinctive sympathy for the truly old and a revulsion from the fake.

There is, however, nothing more valuable than a thorough knowledge of the history of furniture making. Background knowledge of the period and details about the lives of famous cabinet-makers are interesting and important, but first I strongly advise you to acquire technical knowledge of the craft itself. If you know



Armchair: mahogany, about 1775

Photographs: Victoria and Albert Museum

exactly how craftsmen in Chippendale's workshop used their tools and by what methods they jointed their drawers and laid their veneers, you are far less likely to be fooled by faked Chippendale when you meet it. Knowledge of the intricacies of the various furniture-making crafts, at each different period, combined with long experience will prevent you from being another 'old buffer from St. Albans'.

This apprenticeship, that I am sure all collectors must serve, is nicely summed up by the author of a manual I came across which advised eighteenth-century parents what trades their sons might enter with profit. Writing of the cabinet-making trade in 1744, he says: 'To be sure, the mechanical part is an art much to be admired, very extensive, pretty populous, and the nicest branch of joinery; to be a tolerable workman' (and, I would add, collector) 'in which a man ought to know the use of figures and lines, to have an acute genius, and be very assiduous during his apprenticeship, or he may serve seven years and turn out but a Bungler'.

Finally, a word of warning. I have already stressed some of the problems which face you, the worst being high prices and great scarcity. Faced with this situation you cannot afford to miss any opportunities. You must know what you want and be prepared to make quick decisions. A little while ago I was just leaving work one Friday evening when a friend asked me if I wanted to buy a nice Hepplewhite settee he had seen in a local junk shop for the absurd price of £12 10s. Thinking that to introduce a large settee into a small flat without first consulting my wife would be about as popular as arriving home with a St. Bernard puppy, I said I would make up my mind by Monday morning. I talked it over with my wife, and by Sunday evening we were so enthusiastic that we had already rearranged the flat, decided on the material we would re-cover the settee with, and given a little more time I do not doubt we should have decided to have new curtains to match. Full of excitement I raced to the office on Monday morning, to hear, of course, that the settee had been sold on Saturday. That happened six weeks ago; I'm still kicking myself.

—Network Three

Soubrette

She always chose to play the lucky one,
To trot around her little ring of days
With quick light footfall and electric smile;
A tender oddness touched the common run,
We stood for hours to watch her pretty ways;
She almost lent banality a style.

And these uncomplicated charming postures,
Built to endure as they had been arranged,
Ought to have lasted her the livelong day,
For she became so practised in the gestures
It hardly mattered that the words had changed
When she was acting in a different play.

Yet she has somehow come to hate the curtain,
To fear expectancies the show can't reach;
And one bad night she dreamt that she had died,
Found herself playing in an unknown scene,
Stock-still and voiceless, half-way through a speech.
A sad lost stranger weeping at her side.

GRAHAM HOUGH

The Rediscovery of Eastern Christendom

The first of two talks by the Rev. PETER HAMMOND

FOR the first time in many centuries it is again becoming possible for the ordinary Western Christian to enter into the unfamiliar world of Eastern Orthodoxy. The Orthodox Church is no longer exclusively 'Eastern' and remote. The cataclysmic events of the last forty years in Russia and Eastern Europe have served to establish large communities of Orthodox Christians in the West. Russian and Serbian congregations celebrate their liturgies in English parish churches, and one may encounter an archimandrite in Holland Park Avenue or in the course of a journey on the Inner Circle. Even the United States armed forces have been compelled to recognise that it is impossible to classify every Christian as either Catholic or Protestant. The Orthodox Church is, in fact, fast becoming an accepted feature of the contemporary Western scene.

A Challenge to Western Assumptions

What we have as yet scarcely begun to consider is the significance of this rediscovery of Eastern Christendom for the West. For centuries the very existence of the Orthodox Church has been ignored. At best it has been regarded as a curious and archaic survival of a long-vanished culture: a fossilised relic of Byzantium. Western theologians have rarely paused to consider the persistence of a Christian tradition which cannot easily be brought within the bounds of the familiar Catholic-Protestant dialectic, and which eludes all our well-tryed Western categories. Still less frequently have we been prepared to recognise the possibility that the existence of this half-forgotten Church might have any bearing on the theological debate which has been proceeding in the West. Old habits of mind die hard. It is not surprising if we have been slow to realise the challenge to Western assumptions which is latent in this renewal of intercourse between East and West.

My own interest in Eastern Christendom was first aroused by what I saw of the Greek Church while serving in the Navy during the war. The Orthodox services which I attended were desperately long and rather bewildering, but their informality—amounting at times to near-anarchy—held a curious attraction. The Greek priests whom I encountered, with their flocks and herds and their predilection for fiery spirits, were quite unlike the typical Western clergyman. But though my curiosity was whetted by these brief war-time glimpses of the Greek Church, it never occurred to me that this unfamiliar world—picturesque and attractive as it undoubtedly was—could have any relevance to the problems of post-war Europe or the Church of England. It was very delightful and entirely remote.

An Unfamiliar View

Then, shortly before I returned to Oxford, a friend lent me a copy of the letters exchanged by the Russian layman, Alexis Khomiakov, and William Palmer, a Fellow of Magdalen, about the middle of the nineteenth century. The book was a revelation to me. Here was a view of Western Church history which, if it were true, was staggering in its implications. It made nonsense of all our Western controversies. It denied the very premisses upon which the great theological debates of the Reformation had been founded: the Lutheran and the Christian Scientist were transformed into eccentric Roman Catholics, and the Pope appeared as the Arch-Protestant. It gave to the Orthodox Church an entirely unsuspected importance, as the sole guardian of a tradition which had once been held in common by East and West alike, and which medieval Latin Christendom had rejected in favour of 'strange novel doctrines'.

I soon discovered that this unfamiliar view of all that has happened in the West since the eleventh century, so far from being peculiar to a single Russian writer, was common to the whole Orthodox world. It was taken for granted not only by the

Russian theologians whom I met in Paris, and at conferences in this country, but by the ordinary Greek Christians among whom I lived for two years after coming down from Oxford. In Greece I too learned to look at Christendom from the vantage point of Salonica and Mount Athos rather than from that of Rome or Canterbury. I began to realise the implications of this challenge to a purely West European view of history.

That was seven years ago, and today I am more than ever convinced that the present growing renewal of converse between East and West is far more relevant to our Western problems than is generally supposed. But I am certain also that its importance will become clear only when we cease to regard it as an isolated phenomenon and see it in the context of what is actually happening in the West already.

It is fast becoming a commonplace to assert that the whole of Western Christendom is in the throes of a new reformation. Not since the sixteenth century has there been such a questioning of received traditions or such a ferment of experiment. A biblical renewal of immense scope and importance has given rise to a widespread scrutiny of ecclesiastical institutions in the light of a deepened understanding of the scriptures. There is a fresh enthusiasm for the study of the Fathers. The so-called Liturgical Movement has recovered for us much of the full meaning of the Church's liturgy, has begun to restore to the Christian layman his rightful place in the eucharistic action, and has set out to reformulate in terms of contemporary social and cultural patterns what it means to be the Church. A new awareness of the scandal of Christian disunity and separation has created a fresh outlook among Christians of very different ecclesiastical loyalties.

Growing Reformation in the West

There are many signs of the growing power of this reformation. An outward-looking quality of church life, for example, a pre-occupation with the Christian frontier rather than the sacristy. On the Continent there is a notable revival of sacred art and architecture. All over Western Europe a deepened understanding of the Eucharist, and of its social implications, has transformed the life of many a parish and effected something of a revolution in the celebration of the liturgy itself.

One striking characteristic of this new reformation is the way in which it ignores the traditional divisions of Western Christendom. This can be extremely confusing for those who, in Osbert Lancaster's words, like to 'visualise the Universal Church in terms of High and Low, with Rome at the summit, Geneva at the bottom, and the dear old C. of E. sitting in quiet dignity on the middle rungs'. What is one to make of Roman Catholics who obviously attach tremendous importance to the study of the Bible, and give to the ministry of the Word a prominence which one usually associates with Presbyterian divines? How does one explain away a Methodist preacher's insistence on the centrality of the Eucharist; or religious communities such as Taizé, springing up on the soil of French Calvinism? A great many of the familiar ecclesiastical shibboleths have been swept away in the course of the last decade, particularly on the Continent. Even on this side of the Channel, where reform has proceeded at a far more leisurely pace, one finds the same blurring of traditional ecclesiastical frontiers.

Though the present situation in Western Christendom is in many ways confused, it is possible, I think, to distinguish certain attitudes characteristic of this movement towards reform. To a considerable extent they are common ground to Catholic and Protestant alike. Ecclesiastical institutions are subjected more frankly to the judgement of scripture and early tradition, and a great deal that has happened in the West since the eleventh century is now openly questioned. It is recognised that many of

(continued on page 793)

NEWS DIARY

November 6-12

Wednesday, November 6

Britannia airliner crashes near Bristol during test flight: all fifteen people on board killed

Mr. Khrushchev, in speech on eve of fortieth anniversary of Russian revolution, calls for peaceful competition in space satellites

Proposed increases in pensions, sickness and unemployment benefits announced in Commons by Minister of Pensions, Mr. Boyd-Carpenter

Thursday, November 7

President Eisenhower broadcasts to American people on 'Science and Security'

Mr. J. Campbell, General Secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen, and Mr. T. Hollywood, the President, both die from injuries received in a road accident while visiting Russia

Mr. Donald Campbell sets up new water-speed record of 239.07 miles an hour in *Bluebird*

Friday, November 8

The Prime Minister says that the recent accident at Windscale plutonium plant was due to errors of judgement and inadequate instrumentation. Reports by investigating committee and by Medical Research Council published as a White Paper

Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick is appointed Chairman of the Independent Television Authority

Saturday, November 9

French Government announces measures to deal with the economic crisis

Secretary-General of Nato, M. Spaak, urges benefits of closer scientific co-operation among the Organisation's members

Sunday, November 10

Moscow radio says that 'all medical and biological observations have been completed' on second *sputnik*

All three big railway unions announce decisions to go ahead with claims for more pay

Remembrance Day services held throughout the Commonwealth

Monday, November 11

National and Local Government Officers' Association calls on National Health Service workers to ban overtime in protest against Minister of Health's decision to defer approval of a wage increase

Three former Polish Secret Police chiefs given long prison sentences at trial in Warsaw on charges of making illegal arrests and torturing prisoners

Tuesday, November 12

Commons discuss industrial relations and productivity

Prime Minister says there will be no further nuclear tests at Christmas Island in the immediate future



Her Majesty the Queen laying a wreath on the Cenotaph at the annual Remembrance Day ceremony last Sunday when all over the country—in churches, barracks, and at sea—tribute was paid to the dead of two world wars



The Fairey Rotodyne taking off on its first flight from an airfield near Windsor on November 6. It is claimed to be the world's first vertical take-off airliner and is intended to carry up to forty-eight passengers

Right: the library of Berrington Hall, near Leominster, Herefordshire, which has been acquired by the National Trust. The house was built by Henry Holland in the seventeen-seventies. The library ceiling is decorated by Biagio Rebecca with grisaille medallions of English authors from Chaucer to Addison



One of fifteen floats depicted November 9. As the Show





Subjects of 'Paper and Printing', the theme of the Lord Mayor's Show on a Saturday, thousands of children were among the spectators. The new Lord Mayor is Sir Denis Truscott



A photograph taken of President Eisenhower in his office at the White House on November 7 when he broadcast to the nation on television and radio on 'Science and Security'. The President is looking at the nose cone of an experimental missile which, he said, had been sent hundreds of miles into outer space and brought back intact



The Duke of Edinburgh presenting a horseshoe to the Lord of the Manor of Oakham, Rutland, during His Royal Highness's first visit to Oakham Castle on November 8. On the walls can be seen some of the horseshoes presented in former times in accordance with ancient custom



A rare event: a female Indian rhinoceros calf born at Whipsnade Zoo a fortnight ago, photographed with her mother last week. The calf is the second only to be born in captivity; her weight at birth was eighty-five pounds

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H. E. Bates

John Betjeman

Sir Robert Boothby

D. E. Brogan

Peter Fleming

Sir Compton Mackenzie

Sir Harold Nicolson.

Lord Pakenham

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This Electronic Age

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We are quite ready to admit that we are not averse to some forms of automation. We do, of course, use mechanical aids for many of our activities, from the handling of cash to book-keeping. This speeds up the work to the advantage of the Bank and the customer.

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(continued from page 789)

the achievements of the Age of Faith were founded on a dangerously one-sided view of the Church's nature and mission. The great theological controversies which convulsed the sixteenth century are now seen to be meaningless outside the context of late-medieval scholasticism.

Common Ground

What is so interesting about the new outlook which is emerging in the West—at least for anyone who has lived among Orthodox Christians—is the way in which we seem to be rediscovering for ourselves, and without much direct reference to Eastern Christendom, a point of view which is substantially that of the Orthodox Church. Compare some of the literature produced by the Liturgical Movement with a work like Vladimir Lossky's *Mystical Theology of the Eastern Church* (now at long last available in an English translation*), and you see at once that there is a considerable measure of common ground between the fundamental outlook of this Russian lay-theologian and that of a growing number of Western Christians, both Catholic and Protestant. One finds in both quarters the same emphasis on the Bible in the liturgy and in patristic tradition, the same grasp of the essentially corporate nature of Christian mysticism, the same stress on the prayer of the Church as the norm of personal devotion, which characterise our own Western liturgical movement. The deficiencies of a great deal of the post-medieval Western tradition, too, are being challenged: the dissociation of sacred and secular, of thought and devotion, of theology and piety; the fragmentation of Christian experience into so many unrelated compartments.

Lossky goes further. For him, as for Orthodox Christendom in general, the final breach between East and West was due not simply to cultural factors, or the accidents of ecclesiastical diplomacy. There were real if intangible differences of belief underlying the growth of new forms of western spirituality in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the slow transformation of sacred art, properly so-called, into 'religious' art, and the process of fragmentation, which the sixteenth-century reformation did little to arrest. The Orthodox Church today can see the West attempting to recover a certain wholeness of vision, an integrity of faith, which we once had in common, and which have remained characteristic of Eastern Christendom during the centuries of separation.

Legendary Schism

However startling in its implications, this view is supported by a great deal of recent historical research. The work of scholars like Professor Dvornik and Steven Runciman has reduced to the category of legend that description of the schism between East and West which still passes for truth in our manuals of church history. Recent editions of certain Cistercian writers of the twelfth century have emphasised the revolution which was effected in Western piety at this period. André Malraux, in his brilliant if dangerous masterpiece, *The Voices of Silence*, has drawn attention to the parallel revolution which took place in the field of religious imagery. Recent liturgical scholarship has illuminated the changes dating from about the

same period, as a result of which the Western layman was virtually excluded from any effective participation in the Church's liturgy. What all these separate studies seem to me to establish beyond question is that the two or three centuries which saw the hardening of local and temporary breaches of communion into permanent and universal estrangement also saw a profound and far-reaching change of outlook, affecting every part of Western Christendom.

We have to understand that, from the Orthodox standpoint, the whole of the West—Catholic and Protestant—is still affected by that change of outlook. The reforms of the sixteenth century are of secondary importance; because, in the classical theological controversies of the West during the last 400 years, all the contending parties have shared the same basic presuppositions. 'All Protestants', wrote Khomiakov, 'are crypto-papists. All the West knows but one datum, *a*; and whether it be preceded by the positive sign *plus*, as with the Romanists, or with the negative *minus*, as with the Protestants, the *a* remains the same . . . A passage to Orthodoxy is a rushing into a new and unknown world'.

This view of West European history since the eleventh century—unfamiliar still to the average Western Christian—seems to me strikingly confirmed by much that is happening in the West today. Anyone who analyses the characteristic features of the new outlook may well conclude that we are rediscovering for ourselves truths which were once held in common by East and West alike, and which Orthodox Christendom still takes for granted.

The Eucharist

Let me give a few examples. Throughout the West we are learning again to understand the Eucharist as an act of the whole Christian community: not as something performed by the clergy, in which the laity have a merely passive role. It is a principle of modern church planning that there should normally be only one altar in the church; the desirability of a single celebration of the Eucharist on any given day is now widely recognised, even where this is regarded as an ideal at present unattainable. These are all matters in which recent Western reforms are at one with the living tradition of the Orthodox Church.

Or consider the relationship between the liturgy and popular spirituality. For the undivided Church—before the schism between East and West—as for Eastern Christendom down to the present day, it is substantially true that the Bible in the liturgy provided the accepted norm of personal piety. That has certainly not been true of Western Christendom since the Middle Ages. From about the twelfth century onwards we see the rapid growth of new types of spirituality, no longer effectively subject to the control of the liturgy: a piety which tends more and more to focus on the humanity of Christ; and for which the dogma of the Holy Trinity has become an abstraction of the schools. It is instructive to compare popular Catholic devotions—the cult of the Crucifix and the Wounds of Christ, the Stations of the Cross—with many eighteenth-century non-conformist hymns. In both cases we find ourselves in a world infinitely remote from that of the Bible and the Fathers of the Church, a world in which the vital link between theology and devotion has been broken:

in which theology has become an academic discipline, irrelevant to the concerns of the ordinary Christian. What had formerly been a mystery to be lived tends increasingly to become a subject for meditation. The return to a more biblical type of piety, to a spirituality explicitly Trinitarian and nourished by the prayer of the Church, is another feature of our twentieth-century reformation which finds support in Orthodox tradition.

Much the same might be said of the new awareness of the fundamental problems of sacred art which we find on the Continent today. In the face of a debasement of Christian imagery, similar to that which we find in the field of popular piety, there is a new insistence on the fact that sacred art is essentially an instrument of the liturgy. Once again, we are rediscovering for ourselves a truth which the Orthodox Church has never ceased to know—however much, under Western influence, it has been ignored in practice during the last hundred years.

Disastrous Consequences of Clericalism

Again—and this is a matter which I hope to consider more fully in my second talk—we are coming to recognise more and more the disastrous consequences of clericalism, and our sense of the extent to which the Christian layman has been deprived, for nine centuries or more, of his proper liturgy both in and out of church, is leading us, whether we recognise it or not, very close to the Orthodox view of the Hildebrandine revolution.

It seems to me that what is happening all over Western Christendom today amounts to nothing less than the rediscovery of an outlook which is neither Eastern nor Western, but simply Christian. The West is reclaiming as its own an approach to the Christian mystery which, in its essentials, was shared by St. Benedict and St. Gregory the Great as well as by St. Athanasius and St. John of Damascus. We are exposing and laying fresh claim to elements of a common orthodoxy still latent within the Western traditions, though they have lain hidden and all but forgotten for many centuries.

If this is so, then the renewed intercourse with Eastern Christendom, so far from being of merely marginal interest, takes on an immense significance. What has so far prevented us from realising its importance for our own twentieth-century reformation? Partly, I think, the failure to connect, and partly our clinging to a purely Western view of history. Above all, the assumption that the Orthodox Church is no more than the by-product of an alien and exotic culture: picturesque but irrelevant. I believe it is high time that this assumption was challenged.

—Third Programme

The 1958 Somerset Maugham award (which amounts to about £450 to be spent on foreign travel) will be given to a British subject, ordinarily resident in the United Kingdom and under thirty-five at the end of this year, for a work of poetry, fiction, criticism, biography, history, philosophy, belles-lettres, or travel. Books submitted for the award, which may have been published at any time (it is not necessary for them to have appeared in 1957), should be sent by December 31 to the Society of Authors, 84 Drayton Gardens, London, S.W.10. Only one published work should be submitted by each candidate. Stamps for return postage must be enclosed, together with a statement of the author's age and place of birth and a list of any other published works.

Art Under the Hammer

PIERRE SCHNEIDER on auctions in Paris

FEW buildings in Paris are as aggressively nondescript, as coldly anonymous, as that cement-cube, a block away from the Boulevards, called Hôtel Drouot. We are reminded of a morgue, an ossuary, a stock exchange, a museum, a waiting room, an emigration bureau, an indoor flea-market. Drouot is all these things, for it serves as the official residence of Paris auctioneering. Toward it converges all that human hands have ever made, from splintered silex to television set. Here have been sold guillotines, medieval castles, locks of Napoleon's hair and pieces of his coffin, paintings by masters and by daubers, the furniture of kings and *concierges*, a petrified corpse, a circus, buttons and crowns, Persian rugs and beggars' rags, the belongings of *la dame aux camélias* and the Jewels of the Crown. At Drouot, the kings and paupers of the object world join in a dance of death, to the indifferent rhythm of the auctioneer's hammer. It is a place of brutal contrasts, of ruthlessness. Goods pile up, almost monstrously naked, like patients at a public hospital stripped of their sentimental aura, their modish halo. At Drouot, illusions are destroyed, and value is driven out by price.

Entering it, one understands why it provided Daumier with some of his finest themes. The ground floor is milling with figures that seem to have stepped out of Dickens' or Balzac's underworlds—tattered hawkers, stooped rag-pickers, sharp-eyed, restless, skipping from one auction room to the other, along the sinister corridor, selling the watch or the ring they have just bought, fumbling round in the *manettes*, or baskets, stacked up in the basement until their contents are to be sold, crowding round an auctioneer's spoils like vultures around a carcass. In their midst stands out an occasional dandy, a modest *rentier*, or a woman in furs, lured into this inferno by the hope of a find—a hope whose flame is kept alive, in spite of all probabilities, by almost legendary stories such as that of the man who, in an old roll of canvas bought for a few francs, found four perfectly authentic paintings by Boucher.

But usually the respectable bourgeois and

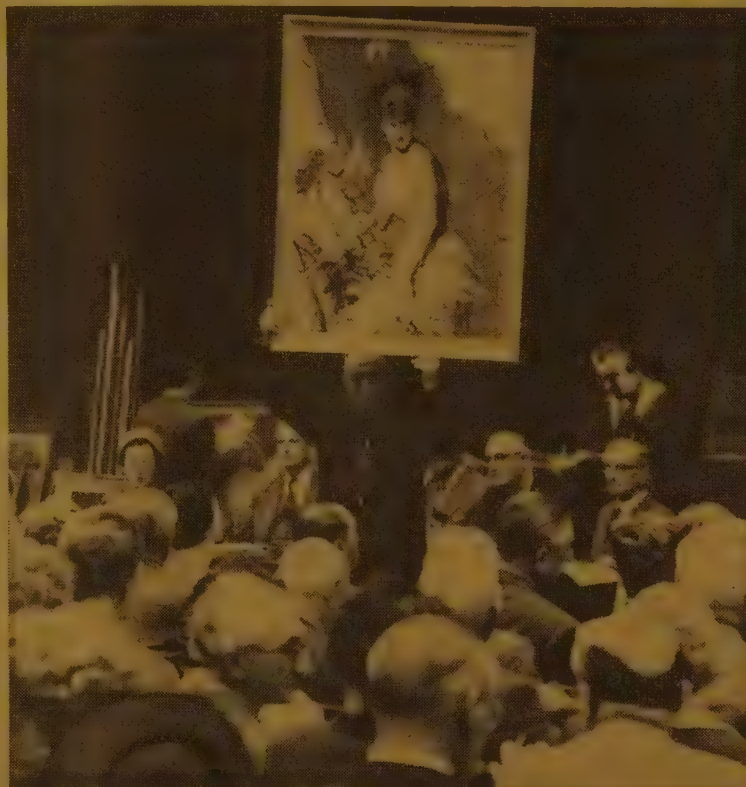
amateur will hasten up to the first floor. For, as in the house of the Lord, there are many mansions in the Hôtel Drouot—eighteen, in fact, ranging from grim bareness to faded luxury. Upstairs, the exhibition rooms often look like *salons*, and the sales like animated parties—although for really exceptional sales (about ten times a year) the auctioneers temporarily set up

tent at elegant Galerie Charpentier. Although far less cluttered, the upper storey is the important one: three fourths of the Hôtel's business is transacted here.

The appearance of the building should not lead you to underestimate the importance of this business. Drouot and its owners, the *commissaires-priseurs*, or auctioneers, have a monopoly on all public sales in Paris. Their hammers punctuated some 5 billion francs' worth of sales this year, and this total increases by about 10 per cent. to 20 per cent. every year. The chief reason for this brisk trade is the fact that art has become material for speculation and investment. A relatively safe kind of investment, indeed: a petroleum protectorate may revolt, a Corot will not. As an American magazine put it with admirable frankness: 'Since 1909, General Motors has done a little better than Cézanne, but not so well as Renoir'.

A number of factors give Paris a particular eminence on the international auction market. London used to be the leader, in the days when Italian masters provided the greater part of auction-material. But Old Masters have become extremely rare. Buyers have turned toward the Impressionists, the Post-Impressionists, and the Moderns, where the Paris School rules undisputed, as it does, to a large extent, in the field of furniture. No, antiques sell better in their place of origin, for that proximity lends them an air of authenticity.

The thirst for authenticity is another reason for Drouot's leading position. French auctioneers are officers of the law. Deals closed under their supervision are legal transactions. Hence, when they state that the work they are holding up for sale is a Matisse, that assertion is a guarantee. Should it turn out to be unjustified, the buyer can get his money back as long as thirty years after the acquisition. This assurance, which no auction-house either in England or in America



An auction at the Hôtel Drouot: a *commissaire* displaying one of the works of art for sale; and (below) the *crieur* with, behind him, the *commissaire-priseur* and his two clerks



Photographs: Paris-Match

ally provides, contributes signally to making the Drouot sale-slip a label of quality. The man invested with this official authority is the *commissaire-priseur*, whose trade goes back to antiquity. Pompey's auctioneer was named Caecilius Jucundus, and well he might have been jocund, for his artistic collections are now among the most important at the Naples Museum. Like him, the *commissaire-priseur* is then a man of taste. Or, rather, he becomes one through practice, for all he has at the outset is practical training. Auctioneers are known to have existed in France since Saint-Louis, but it was Napoleon who organised their company and made it what it is today. The *commissaire-priseur* (there are some seventy-five of them at Drouot) conducts the sale, much as one conducts an orchestra. His earnings come from a variable percentage of the 21.20 per cent. tax paid by every purchaser on the price of acquisition.

Erring Experts

Next to him, behind the high pulpit, sit the clerks who record prices and make out the slips. At a separate table officiates the expert. His function is somewhat mysterious. Erring experts are part of the Drouot mythology. There is the story of the one who looked at a 'Head of Christ' bearing on its frame the inscription *Salvator Mundi* and announced, 'Christ, by the celebrated Romantic artist Salvator Mundi': he had confused him with Salvator Rosa. In any case, it is the *commissaire*, not the expert, who takes the responsibility. The expert's function is, you might say, largely moral.

The objects for sale—from mattress to diamond—are carried in and displayed by a *commissionnaire*. There are some 115 *commissionnaires* at Drouot. They are entrusted not only with taking the objects into the auction-room, but with shipping them to and from the Hôtel. Their company is extremely prosperous, but its origins are modest and picturesque. Today's *commissionnaires* are the direct descendants of the men who, in the thirties of the last century, sat in front of the Hôtel des Ventes, then located opposite the Bourse, waiting idly for chance, perhaps, their nickname of 'Senators' for someone to ask them for a *coup de main*. One day, the *commissaires* gave them a cart and a horse; on it, the Senators started on the road to fortune. Their distinguishing characteristics? All wear the traditional *beret* and all have climbed down from the arid mountain villages of Savoy. The job is handed on from father to son, from cousin to nephew: handed on, usually, for a handsome price, since the *commissionnaire's* profession is an excellent one. So is that of the *crieur*, whom one might describe as the *commissaire's* stentorian echo, but also as a liaison agent between him and the public. He proclaims the bid, collects the money, and gives back the change. The *commissaire* must be omniscient, the *crieur* ubiquitous. Together, they form as united a team as Allah and his prophet, as a *clairvoyante* and her medium. The *crieurs* must have a quick wit, a true eye, and an unflinching memory—native gifts. One *crieur* formerly was a gardener, another a mechanic. There are twenty-two of them, forming a very tight brotherhood, to 'defend *le bifteck*', which is a juicy one, for not only does the *crieur* receive a solid fee for each sale but a tip from every buyer—much as a *croupier* is tipped by the roulette winner.

These men are the instruments, you might think, that make a Drouot auction a very straightforward matter, depending solely on the quality of the supply and the intensity of the demand. But if you come as a prospective purchaser with such ideas, you are a predestined victim. The *commissaire*, whose official role is to referee the battle, in reality tries to make it fiercer, to 'heat up the room'. This he does by adopting a hypnotic rhythm, neither too fast nor too slow, varying from thirty items an hour in the case of paintings, to 180 in the case of postage stamps. He seldom gives verbal advice, but coaxes bids out of people by a certain way of looking at them. The eye, in fact, is Drouot's secret weapon, its invisible ray. The *commissaire* sizes up his audience at a glance. In no time, he has located the dealers, the amateurs, and the idle onlookers. He has also detected the timid soul for whom a smile at the right moment will spur to action; the grouch, who will only bid against someone; the man who 'likes to climb the stairs step by step', that is, who will raise a 500,000-franc bid by 200 francs, but may go over 1,000,000. He knows the bidders who try to remain shrouded in anonymity, recognises every signal: the hand on the lapel, the twitching eyelid, the pressed lips. For years, a cane raised by an unidentified hand in a distant corner of the room meant: Sacha Guitry has placed his bid.

—and Comic Counterpart

But the *commissaire* must uphold his dignity. He seldom intervenes directly. That is where the *crieur* comes in. He provides a comic counterpart of the *commissaire*, like the valets in Molière's comedies to their masters. His quips throws the audience off its guard. 'A complete bed!' says the auctioneer. 'Where are the feet?' shouts a spectator. 'They got frozen off in the war!', the *crieur* promptly replies. The *commissaire* is Agamemnon; the *crieur*, Thersites. The former suggests, the latter threatens. His finger wags menacingly beneath your nose, his eye blazes. He will get a bid out of you as an attorney pries a confession out of the accused.

Other dangers, still less noticeable, surround the innocent bidder: the *commissions*, that is the bids by proxy. The *commissaire* is entrusted with these, but also the expert, the *crieur*, and even the *commissionnaire*. Even the seller may be bidding, up to a certain price. If the object does not reach it, he will 'swallow it back'. That is why Drouot connoisseurs prefer bankruptcy and post-mortem sales to voluntary ones; the dead don't swallow back. There are times when the bidding seems feverish in the room, and yet you will be the only person present actually bidding.

But the enemy is not only on the other side of the fence. Between the object and the amateur, the dealers, once known as the Black Band, try to set up a barrage. They know that Drouot is like a thermometer stuck into the mouth of public taste. Merchants promote artists, the Hôtel consecrates them. Thus, when a work by a fashionable painter comes up for sale, you may be sure that the dealer's representative will be there, to maintain its price-scale. The merchants will discourage the intruder by outbidding him. Then, once they are among themselves, they will keep the bidding down by common agreement. When the sale is over, they will revise the auction, either at home or in the

back rooms of a near-by *café*. That is, they will hold a real auction, and the difference between the two sums will either be placed in, or taken out of, the community kitty.

Yet, no matter how well you are acquainted with Drouot's perils, you will not be able to resist the temptation. You too will join the ranks of those innumerable people who came into the Hôtel to look on for a few minutes and, before they knew it, found themselves burdened with a dozen sanskrit typewriters or an armful of bear-traps. Consider yourself lucky if you escape the fate of the passer-by who, shortly before the war, strolled in and, half an hour later, tottered out again, the perplexed possessor of a planetarium.—*Third Programme*

Ethiopia Elects

(continued from page 775)

impossible to answer as the degree of freedom to be given to Parliament is still unknown, they were firmly told from the floor: 'We shall find other means of making our wishes known if you are too cowardly'. Frank speaking is nothing new in Ethiopia; litigants in the court speak up, challenging even the Emperor in quest of justice. Today, of course, frank speaking takes mainly a political character, but not a party political one. Foreign affairs were not considered a fit subject to be dealt with at the Y.M.C.A. These matters are instinctively left to the Emperor.

There is strength in this reserve because the speakers were forced to deal in their replies with social matters, problems that, if elected, they could do something about, as they indeed will. As one heard question after question being pressed, one felt that whatever else would be the result of these elections, they have been an educational event of the first order. One can only admire the boldness of the Emperor in launching his people on this political revolution, the full consequences of which no one can foresee. A stone has been set rolling down the steep highlands of Ethiopia which may not quickly come to rest.

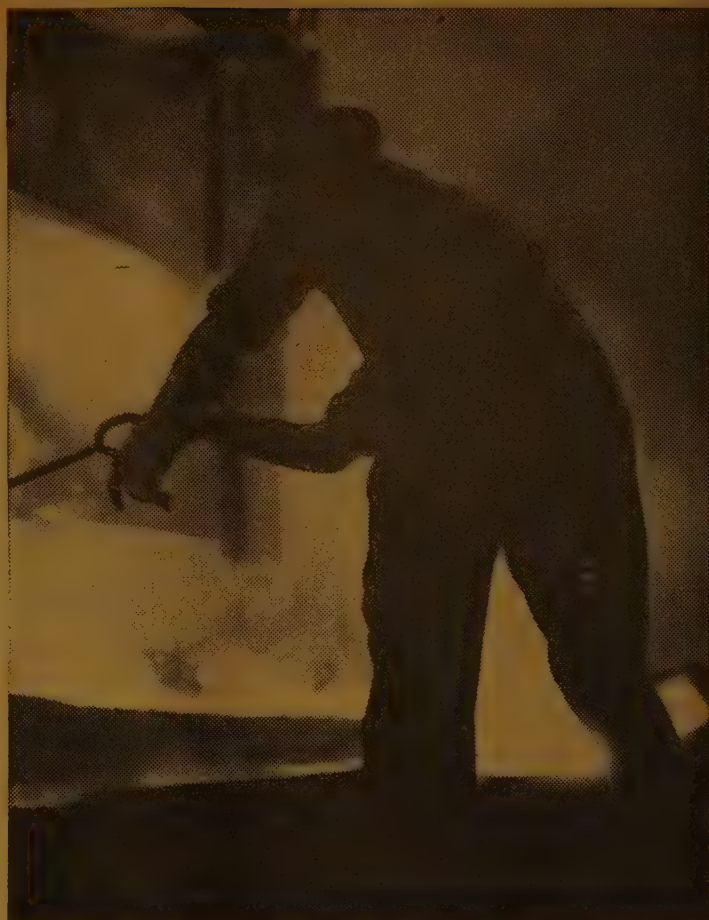
High hopes are now set upon the elected Parliament. The M.P.s will be closely watched by all. There are no parties and the deputies have received no specific mandate, though one can predict that the problem of the minorities, and land question, and taxation will be subjects of debate. Even in the last, nominated, Parliament, representative of the landed interest, the Ministers had to answer awkward questions on all three subjects. They now face a body conscious of the interest stimulated by the elections, and they are sensitive to criticism and ridicule as are all Ethiopians. The Ministers may gain little comfort from the fact that they are irremovable by Parliamentary censure, and finally dependent only on the pleasure of the Emperor. He has already regrouped the Government and may make further changes quite soon.

Add to all this a rising national income, the impact of foreign advisors, ample loans from the World Bank for communications, a rapidly growing body of young men and women who have been abroad, and you will easily appreciate the opportunities and anxieties of these people who inhabit one of the potentially richest countries in the whole continent of Africa.

—*Third Programme*

Scunthorpe gave European rivals something to think about

“We’ll have to get busy to keep up with you,” said these German experts touring Britain’s modern steel works



Tapping the giant “Queen Anne” blast furnace, which has one of the largest hearth diameters in the world. In 1951 Appleby-Frodingham made 18,000 tons a week from ten blast furnaces. Now they make 28,000 tons from four.

THE BRITISH run themselves down; it’s a national characteristic—or perhaps it should be called a national failing. Not unnaturally, people overseas accept our own estimate of ourselves: rather lazy, rather behind the times, rather complacent; not a patch on the Germans, of course, when it comes to work.

The German industrial journalists who toured British heavy industry earlier this year may have had some such curious notions. Certainly many suspected that the comparative cheapness of British steel was due to some form of hidden subsidy, rather than to efficient operation. When they actually saw us at work they quite frankly confessed their astonishment.

Let’s look at ourselves as these others see us, in—for example—the Steel Industry.

They know what they’re talking about

These men are experts on industrial questions and economics. They asked innumerable questions. They never stopped taking notes. The steel works they saw were Appleby-Frodingham at Scunthorpe and

Dorman Long at Lackenby, near Middlesbrough (which “puts the newest American steel works in the shade,” wrote one). They came away deeply impressed—and convinced that at home they will have to get busy to keep pace with us.

They watched the tapping of the great blast furnace “Queen Anne”, which has one of the biggest hearth diameters in the world. They saw open hearth furnaces—where iron becomes steel—that can pour 300 tons of molten steel into huge ladles, 100 tons at a time. They saw a new rolling mill project, £20 million worth—three thousand feet long, covering more than 28 acres under a single roof. They saw an ore excavator whose shovel will hold a saloon car, with room to spare.

They were impressed by our plant, its design and operation, and the way it is integrated—and by the scale of planning and investment in it. One described the three-fifths of a mile long rolling mill at Lackenby as “having a beautiful dynamism.” They were amazed by what Appleby-Frodingham are able to achieve with very low grade ore—ore which very few iron-masters in the world would think worth using, but which at Scunthorpe, thanks to special treatment, supports a

thriving town. And one wrote, on his return to Germany, of our “amazingly low figures of coke consumption.”

“Such cordial informality”

They were amazed by our workpeople. “What fine workers you have. There was an impressive intentness and thoroughness about your steel operatives.” Above all they were impressed by our labour relations. “Never before have I seen such cordial informality between workers and management, especially in steel. The good will was so potent, so free and easy.”

In the article he wrote as a result of his visit, one of these journalists summed up in these words. “*The current level of costs and prices allows the British Steel Industry not only to face Continental competition without concern, but in fact . . . producers on the Continent will hardly be able to compete.*” The British Steel Industry, he says, “*can easily retain its lead over the Continent in modernization and expansion.*”

Our visitors took back with them a picture of efficiency and enthusiasm at every level. The Steel Industry believes it is a picture that people in this country ought to see too—that everyone in Britain should know the *facts* about steel.

Miner's Story

By FRED HANSON

I AM a miner. I started work at the age of fourteen in 1926, and I've known no other trade; I'm employed at the present time at Wharncliffe Woodmoor Colliery near Rensley. I'm trade-union secretary there. My father was a miner before me, and my sons have followed me in the mines. My eldest son worked with me up to joining the Army eighteen months ago. He's now in Malaya with the Band of the Royal Lincolnshire Regiment. My second son works at the same pit as myself. He left school twelve months ago at fifteen. Three generations, three different school-leaving ages and educational opportunities, and a great deal of difference in conditions of work.

Tramming' in 1898

My father was 'tramming' before he was thirteen (that was in 1898) at Beamshaw Colliery, between Barnsley and Wakefield. Tramming means pushing a tub or small wagon running on rails, after it has been filled with coal, to a place where it can be exchanged for another empty one and the process repeated. At other pits where thick coal such as Yorkshire's richest seam (the Barnsley Bed) was being worked, this work might have been done by ponies, but at Beamshaw where thin seams were being worked, roadways were often no more than two feet six inches high. Miners who have worked in these thin seams will know what 'buttons' on their backs mean—sores caused by striking their bare backs against the roof. Pit conditions were bad in father's day, but working conditions weren't the only drawbacks that they had to put up with. Usually the pits worked only three days a week in summer, and in addition men might be sent back home after missing up for work if the boss considered that he had enough men for that particular day. There was no redress. It happened quite often that men would turn up for work six days in the week and get only one or two days' work, and very often they would have walked three or four miles to their work, or even more than that. Earnings depended on the capabilities of the miner, or much more likely on his being lucky enough to be in a good working place: the phrase 'soft coal makes a good collier' was very true. The position was improved slightly after the strike of 1912 when over 1,000,000 men were on strike for six weeks—not a long strike, but considered by many to be one of the most important in mining history in that it resulted in the passing of the Minimum Wage Act. There's credit due to those old 'uns. In father's early days they dreaded getting injured or being off work through sickness, not because of the struggle they knew they'd be in trying to make ends meet, but also because, in those days, if a man didn't work particularly when the pit was open for work it didn't matter whether he'd been injured or sick, he was sacked. Another plague of the old days was miners' nystagmus. Candles, and oil lamps which didn't

give as good a light as a candle, were the only means of illumination, and as a result there were many cases of miners' nystagmus—an affliction of the eyes. Nystagmus is rare now because we have good lighting. But I'm sorry to say we have in its place pneumoconiosis, a disease caused by accumulation of dust on the lungs. But a lot of effort has been put into laying the dust: at my own pit, water is laid on right to the faces where the machines are.

Then there was the butty system, when one man used to negotiate a contract for several jobs with the manager, then pay what he pleased to the men who did the actual work. A lot of men made easy money out of the sweat of their mates by the butty system.

Father's chances of bettering himself through education weren't very bright I'm afraid. He started school at the age of six and at eight he was paying 3d. a week to secure special lessons. This was quite a common practice, but more than that was required to get to grammar school in those days. The system then was that four or five pupils were chosen each year by the headmaster, and scholastic ability didn't always count quite as highly as the social or business standing of the boys' parents. This kind of thing was altered later with the passing of the Education Act of 1902, which abolished the School Boards and made County and County Borough Councils responsible for the standard of education. But it didn't solve all the problems.

Education Then and Now

I started school at four-and-a-half and left at fourteen. I could have qualified to attend a grammar school but, as was the case with most of my schoolmates, our parents were anxious to obtain some relief from the constant worry of trying to feed and clothe their families, and when lads reached fourteen there was usually only one course open, the pit. Night schools offered some hope for the youth with determination, who could keep himself away from the pursuits applicable to his age; and technical education following on the way turned out, I should say, the majority of present-day colliery managers and, in fact, many of the present-day occupiers of responsible positions in industry. These days, for the sixteen weeks that lads are training they do one week at the technical college and one week at the Pit Training Centre alternately, on full wages. Lads who are accepted into the apprentice training scheme have one full day a week at technical college without loss of wages. Later on they may, like my own lad, have a six months' spell at the Mines Mechanisation Centre in Sheffield. The industry offers still a further chance, a limited number of university scholarships and exhibitions.

As I said, I left school in 1926. Bitter memories that year holds for the miners: a savage lockout, six months of privation and hardship, followed by humiliation and total defeat—no wonder distrust dies hard. I was fourteen when I started work at Woolley

Colliery. There was no system of training. We were sent off to a job and we had to do it. I went to various pits as time went on, and I didn't always leave on the best of terms with the management. The reason for this was that, at that period, there were not jobs for everyone in the industry, and managements took advantage of it. The attitude from the management's side was 'take it or leave it', and men with families and older than myself just couldn't leave it. But a young man with no responsibilities didn't always do exactly as he was ordered, without questioning the order if he thought it unjust.

Take an incident which happened to me a few weeks before the North Gawmber explosion of 1935. I had a job tramming for the colliers for which they paid me 12s. a shift. One morning, the deputy instructed me to go to another job for which the management would pay me 7s. for the shift. I objected strongly, and he didn't seem to like it: I was sacked at a minute's notice for insubordination. When I applied for dole I was refused it for six weeks on the grounds that I'd refused work.

I doubt very much if any deputy today would suggest a man switching from one job to another without promising him fair recompense, and if one did the man would be safeguarded by agreements. Further, he would be given a fair hearing in stating his objection and he would be well represented by his trade union. But that was the sort of thing that happened then. I am quite sure there are hundreds and probably thousands who had similar experiences, and it's one of the reasons why 500,000 men left the pits up to the beginning of the last war. From 1,250,000 in 1920, we dropped to 750,000 in 1938. We now have about 700,000. We've never recovered those lost thousands, but it isn't just because they dislike pitwork. There are a lot of new industries which have come into existence since father's day, and since I started working.

Gratitude to the Pioneers

Some of the young 'uns might say: 'Who wants to bother about how they carried on in those days, those days have gone and won't come back'. But we should bother, and we shouldn't just think ourselves lucky. We should appreciate the fact, and show our appreciation by trying to improve things still more. It's no good quoting wages, but if we were to say that we're no better off we are ungrateful to the old pioneers who gave their health to the working-class movement. We've gone a long way since 1898 when my father first entered the pit. Don't anyone think there's no hard work in the pits these days: there is. But there's some decent wages, there's some security, and most of us have decent homes and can go to the seaside and even further for our holidays, and our children like going to school, because it is a very different place to what we knew. We look forward for the sake of our children, but we must remember the past too, out of gratitude to our fathers.

—From a talk in the Home Service



the things they say!



First-class honours in Chemistry, eh, Jim?

I expect you've been offered plenty of jobs.

Yes, but unfortunately most of them have been in industry.

What's so unfortunate about that?

Well, I'd like to go on doing the kind of research we do at the University.

Industrial research holds no attractions for me.

Why not? I used to think like you, but since I joined I.C.I. I've seen that research

in industry can be just as satisfying. Think of the value to hospitals of the new anaesthetic 'Fluothane' and the importance to farmers of 'Helmox', a new treatment for lung-worm disease in their cattle. Both are recent I.C.I. discoveries and this is obviously work of national importance.

Perhaps it is, but I'd prefer to continue pursuing knowledge for its own sake.



Maybe, but whether you work in a University or in an industrial laboratory you'll be employing the same scientific method, the same mental approach—and is there anything derogatory in acquiring scientific knowledge to use it for practical ends?

I don't suppose there is, really.

Of course there isn't. And you might find yourself doing pure research in I.C.I. anyway. About 15% of I.C.I.'s big research budget is devoted to fundamental work, and some of the men engaged in it have achieved international recognition in their particular fields.



Letters to the Editor

Science or the Humanities

Sir,—Sir Harold Nicolson considers that the scientists will have no doubt he is abysmally wrong. In fact many of them will be fairly sure that he is right and will share his fears about our educational future. There is, however, a ray to lighten his gloom. It was not mathematics which he found impossible at school—rather school algebra. Moreover, at a certain density, mathematics and physics are themselves humanities and must be approached historically.

Sir Harold sets Shakespeare against one million mathematicians, and in doing so he sets a metrical category where it is inappropriate. It is well that a humanist should warn us of the danger of producing an immensity of powerful competency and a mass of the efficiently second-rate. But it is not only one Shakespeare who is worth all this. A Gauss or a Newton differs from a Shakespeare in glory, but only as the star differs from another. Sir Harold must recognise that mathematical and scientific greatness also have human value.—Yours, etc.,

JOHN BRADLEY

Child-centred Education: a Defence

Sir,—Mr. Child betrays a curious unwillingness to face the main point of my last letter, which was that it is not the job of the psychologist to choose among motivations, but to tell what motives do *in fact* affect children *à-vis* their work. He persists in his notion that it is the psychologist's job to decide what methods shall be used in school; and he appeals to an easily aroused prejudice by his contemptuous reference to 'arm-chair' philosophers, the *sché* usurping the work of a serious consideration of the relative status of philosopher and psychologist. Fortunately, he can be answered by fellow psychologist. Thus Professor Zangwill, Professor of Experimental Psychology in the University of Cambridge, writes in his *Introduction to Modern Psychology* (page 145): 'The function of the psychologist is to study the nature of mental development in general and he should leave it to others to judge how traditional practice [in schools] should be modified in the light of his findings'. He adds a footnote:

This point is of some importance in view of the widespread tendency to seek psychological sanction for novel or unorthodox methods of education. It cannot be too strongly urged that the psychologist is in no position to argue whether a given method is or is not 'psychologically sound'. He can merely indicate the probable results which follow from its use.

I believe Professor Zangwill to be right: and Mr. Child is wrong to urge that 'the real justification of modern methods comes from the very great accumulation of factual data now available as a result of the long and painstaking work of the child-study movement'. Such actual data cannot, as Professor Zangwill implies, *justify* the methods. And, indeed, Mr. Child is not concerned to provide us with the probable results of different sorts of motivation, which is the most that can be done on purely psychological grounds. He is concerned

to recommend one exclusively (self-motivation), presumably because he agrees with its results. The result he suggests, by implication, in his letter, is that it leads to 'self-organised activity'. (He criticises formal methods for not leading to this desideratum.) It is arguable, however, that self-organised activity is not *necessarily* valuable activity. For, once the question of results is raised, problems of value are also inevitably raised. The question, then, of the 'right' method cannot, as Mr. Child would like us to believe, be decided solely on grounds provided by the psychologist, though I would not dispute that what the psychologist has to say is relevant to the discussion.

My reference to Dr. Johnson was simply to bring out, in dramatic fashion, the complexity of the problem of motivation; it was in no sense intended to recommend whipping as a *desirable* form of motivation for children. This I made clear in my last letter; but in view of the innuendoes of your correspondents perhaps it is necessary to reiterate the point.

Yours, etc.,

G. H. BANTOCK

Leicester

J. L. Baird and Television

Sir,—Lord Brabazon's letter in THE LISTENER of November 7 highlights a point to which the attention of the producer of the recent 'This Is Your Life' programme has already been drawn.

It is astounding that no reference should have been made to the late Professor A. M. Low, who undertook a tremendous amount of early experimental work on television and transmitted his first picture as early as May 1914, when he demonstrated his methods to the Institute of Automobile Engineers during the course of a lecture entitled 'Seeing by Wireless'.

The newspaper references to Professor Low and his work at that time make interesting reading:

The Times, May 30, 1914:

An inventor, Dr. A. M. Low, has discovered a means of transmitting visual images by wire. If all goes well with this invention we shall soon be able, it seems, to see people at a distance as now we can talk to them at a distance.

The Daily Sketch, May 29, 1914:

Seeing by wire is a new terror for those who do not want to be found out.

Professor Low called his invention 'Televisa' but it was undoubtedly one of the forerunners of television. All this is clearly told in Miss Ursula Bloom's biography of the late Professor Low, which we shall be publishing in the spring of 1958.

Low himself gave a tremendous amount of support to Baird in his experiments and tried to foster financial support for Baird, but Low was never confident that mechanical scanning would be successful as a method of transmission. He himself in his early experiments was concerned with the methods now used in television, and his first pictures were based on the same principles as those used in television as we know it today.—Yours, etc.,

London, E.C.1

HAROLD K. STARKE

Director, Burke Publishing Company Ltd.

'The New Cambridge History'

Sir,—Your reviewer of *The New Cambridge Modern History*, in THE LISTENER of October 31, is really most unjust in his history of Boniface VIII. Whatever his faults, he cannot have been responsible for the massacre of Simon de Montfort who died years before Boniface was born. Nor had he anything to do with the massacres of the Armagnacs which occurred more than a century after he was dead. Perhaps your reviewer is thinking of the Albigenes who certainly suffered from de Montfort's crusading activities: Boniface had nothing to do with that either.

Under these circumstances, it seems odd that your reviewer should complain of 'a tendency to arbitrary dating' in the new *History*.

Yours, etc.,

Budleigh Salterton CHRISTOPHER DAWSON

[Our reviewer writes:

It is painful to be impugned for such gross inaccuracy by so fine a historical theorist as Mr. Christopher Dawson. The statement ought of course to read: 'The crusade against the Albigenes led by Simon de Montfort at the behest of Innocent III'.]

Uncertain Sounds

Sir,—Mr. Cleere does me less than justice in thinking that I wish to disparage the Cockney accent. I should be just as unhappy if any other local accent (delightful though they may be in their proper setting) were to take the place of standard English, which, I think, should be the accepted medium for communication between educated people and on all formal occasions. The trouble is, we need an academy (*not* the B.B.C.) to settle the vexed question of what is standard English—a question on which I feel we are all individualists.—Yours, etc.,

Belfast

RUTH DUFFIN

Sir,—The fact that Dr. Daniel Jones, writing in 1950, gives (Mr. Sykes says) alternative pronunciations of 'controversy', whereas *The Oxford Dictionary*, which got to C in 1893, only gives the one used by most educated people, is a good illustration of the way majority pronunciation has (thanks mainly to the B.B.C.) invaded the air. No doubt in 1893 the majority (those of them who ever used the word) stressed the second syllable, which is easier, but they were less publicly articulate, and did not get into dictionaries. Now they do.

Pronunciation has little to do with etymology, or meaning, or (heaven help the English!) analogy, so there is nothing to argue about. There is only what differently brought up categories of people say, and, if one category is vexed by the speech of another (which seems mutually to be the case), it is no use complaining to the newspapers about it, even when they hear Capri, or 'one' rhymed with 'on'. No self-respecting pronouncer is going to change his accent because he sees a letter in THE LISTENER signed 'Disgusted'. I should do it all the more, wouldn't you?—Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

ROSE MACAULAY

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

Ar:

Round the London Galleries

By QUENTIN BELL

IT was, I think, Agucchi who first pointed out that a painter who wants to please a truly discerning public must beware of being too comprehensible. If he fails in this respect, if the ordinary man in the street—*il volgo*—can see what he is up to, if for one moment he deviates into comprehensibility or good sense, then, you may depend upon it, he will be very severely treated by the top people. M. André Minaux, whose pictures are now to be seen at the Adams Gallery, sins gravely in this respect. It is always perfectly easy to see what he is painting; he uses an ordinary paint brush and applies his paint no more thickly than is necessary for his purposes; he fails to pay that tribute to hideosity which is considered decorous in the best circles; he is ready—*horribile dictu*—to admit the claims of downright prettiness in a model. You will search in vain for esoteric meanings or subfusc violence in his art. In fact he sets himself the difficult task of extracting poetry from banality and he does so quite simply by painting extremely well.

The social risks involved in such a proceeding are sufficiently obvious. But I think that Minaux is, at present, running risks of a less obvious but more serious kind. One must watch his flight with admiration, but also with some anxiety. He is a draughtsman, fascinated by linear patterns and determined never, at any point, to lose them. In making these patterns which are, so to speak, superimposed upon his painting, he shows a superb ability to create a succession of perfectly harmonious intervals and to suggest movement, or rather the repose that follows movement; so that, looking round the Adams Gallery, one is confronted by a whole series of figures all of which seem to have reached, but only just to have reached a point of tranquillity.

But, of necessity, that strong, wonderfully descriptive boundary is conventional and, when it describes small areas and in particular the face of his model, produces a rather oversimplified effect. A further problem is presented by the extremely difficult task of giving volume to forms which are, in effect, *cloisonné* by the drawing; but here the critic must again and again be astonished by the dexterity with which the painter solves his problems. Minaux is, I think, approaching some kind of a crisis in his development. The authoritative gravity of his manner, the certainty with which he sets tone against tone, form against form, convinces me that whatever difficulties he may encounter will

be surmounted and surmounted triumphantly.

I must confess that I approached the Institute of Contemporary Arts, where there are works by eight American artists, with a suspicion that I should find there something of a foil to the Minaux exhibition, for a great many of the American paintings that we see in this country seem to be characterised chiefly by a vigorous

ences), but he has responded with rather less gravity, splashing, scribbling, and doodling with the abandon of a six-year-old. The trouble about this kind of painting is that it is so very hard to achieve primary school standards, and perhaps when all is said and done it is better to leave this kind of thing to those who are able to do it best.



'Nue dans un intérieur', by André Minaux: from the exhibition at the Adams Gallery

salesmanship which, though splendidly exuberant, is not always very solid. I was mistaken. I forgot that the United States occupies a very large area. The painters here represented come from the extreme north-west, and the State of Oregon seems—and for all I know geographically is—nearer to Asia than to Greenwich Village. Mr. Morris Graves' waterfowl and foliage derive directly from the orient; Mr. Mark Tobey, who owes a good deal to Paris, seeks also the tenuous elusive charm of the Celestials; and even Mr. Kenneth Callahan, who concerns himself with the human figure, reduces it in a thoroughly Chinese manner to a translucent membrane, fugitive, insubstantial, and agitated as a jellyfish in a whirlpool. The sculptors are more orthodox, more occidental, and in a sense more accomplished. But it is the quiet restrained painters of the Pacific Coast from whom a new indigenous school may one day emerge.

Mr. Martin Bradley, whose work is to be seen at the Matthiesen Gallery, has also felt the influence of Chinese culture (amongst other influ-

ences), but he has responded with rather less gravity, splashing, scribbling, and doodling with the abandon of a six-year-old. The trouble about this kind of painting is that it is so very hard to achieve primary school standards, and perhaps when all is said and done it is better to leave this kind of thing to those who are able to do it best.

There is a good deal that is both interesting and charming in the exhibition now to be seen at the Redfern Galleries. Mr. Louis James is certainly interesting: one cannot fail to take a certain interest in a painter who so conscientiously attempts to knock one down. His violent juxtapositions of colour, his way of trickling, sprinkling, and daubing paint is undoubtedly brutal; but it is not, I think, brutality for its own sake. Mr. James is, in his frantic way, becoming more coherent, he is hammering out a style, and I think he may reach a point where he may be able to dispense with his present shock tactics. Dona Salmon charms, rather in the manner of Dufy, and sometimes as in 'Joyful Day at St. Elmo' makes a real independent discovery. The lithographs of Chagall are also charming in their whimsical, epicene, decorative way; whether they are anything more than charming seems to me very doubtful.

The Marlborough Galleries have, as they so often have, an extremely sumptuous collection of French nineteenth-century pictures and drawings. The collection includes works by Bonnard, Degas, Ingres, Matisse, and Seurat; also an uncommonly feeble Delacroix. I omit a string of equally redoubtable names but must mention an exceptionally highly modelled portrait by Modigliani—a work of great quality—and an early Van Gogh which shows how much that master learnt from Millet and how well he learnt it.

John Piper's stained glass for St. Andrew's, Plymouth, will not be on view when these words appear in print but it should be mentioned. It is extraordinarily good, the best work, I consider, that this artist has done and it is very much to be hoped that Mr. Piper will be given many more opportunities to use a medium which suits him so well.

Among recent books are: *Concise Encyclopedia of English Pottery and Porcelain*, by Wolf Mankowitz and Reginald G. Haggard (Deutsch, 6 gns.) and *Liverpool Porcelain of the Eighteenth Century and its Makers*, by Knowles Boney (Batsford, 6 gns.).

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Three Musketeers: A Study of the Dumas Family. By André Maurois. Cape. 35s.

HERE IS RUMOUR of a Dumas revival in France. Scholarly reprints begin to appear among the *Classiques Garnier*, the *Mémoires* have been given a critical edition, there is the excellent study by Henri Clouard. If this were nothing more than a period-revival it would not be worth recording since Dumas will never cease to be read by the innocent and the discouraged; that more restorative reading exists than *The Three Musketeers* and *Monte Cristo* when the rain blots out the holiday beaches and the dismal hotels induce irredeemable *café*? Now, suddenly, there is the discovery of Dumas' human goodness, his enormous life-giving *bonté*. Is this a sign that the mythologies of despair are being shrugged away with one of those violent gestures which the French, one continues to believe, are still able to summon?

M. André Maurois' wonderfully readable volume, translated by Gerard Hopkins, has its important place in this resurgence of the great Dumas *père*. He describes it as the rounding-off of his reconstruction of 'the romantic comedy', the last volume of the trilogy which includes his biographies of George Sand and Victor Hugo. Its particular fascination is that because it is a study of the whole Dumas dynasty stretching across three generations it is also an analysis of the extraordinary *épanouissement* of human nature which was romanticism at the popular, social level—its first flowering in General Dumas, its extravagant effulgence in Alexandre *le père*, and its tortuous, tormented withering in Alexandre *le fils*. It can also be read as a study of the consequences which lie in wait for the a-moral, a-social overflow of creative energy. The collected works of Dumas *père* run to 301 volumes; collaborators were indispensable, yet even the lesser works in this gigantic *oeuvre* bear the marks of his vivacious transformations, and all are stamped with that generosity of spirit which flushes the cloaca of the dirty world. The financial rewards for this labour were colossal, but they were disposed with the prodigal hand that the Dumas biography becomes the squalid evasion of bailiffs when it is not the equally squalid evasion of abandoned mistresses and the natural children which, he asserted, exceeded in number the volumes of his collected works. Yet this 'man with a load of women', as M. Maurois calls him, retained to the last a sort of happy innocence which re-creates these gargantuan excesses.

Irresponsible innocence exacts its own re-creation, and the judgement on Dumas *père* is worked out in the life of Dumas *fils*. The first-born, neglected, adored, courted with clumsy propitiation, becomes the spiritual director of disillusioned *cocottes*; the bastard crusades for the rights of bastards; the paladin of fidelity is tortured with a miserable marriage until, an old man, he is offered the selfless love in which he has lost the capacity to believe. Never before as the author of *La Dame aux Camélias* been exposed with such insight or in such detail, for M. Maurois has been able to draw on much unpublished material and has presented it with

all his customary skill. Compassion and pity engulf us as we watch this life, not without its ironic grandeur, unfold to its end—while the god-like vitality of the father peters out into the acid witticisms of the son, exhausted from the making of his handful of bitter plays.

Thoughts in the Wilderness

By J. B. Priestley. Heinemann. 21s.

Mr. Priestley's wilderness has the proper compensation of solitude. He admits no ties of party, no bonds of religious discipline, no formulae of a literary school. To be tailored and equipped with the complete outfit of any such sect is tiresome, even odious, to him. To describe him thus might suggest that he is the usual self-pitying Outsider, the melancholy misfit, the querulous crank. Yet from all these sometimes exciting but often wearisome types he is as remote as he is from a business tycoon or a television smoothie. (This last is now gossip-writer's English for a slick commentator or smiling interviewer.) He is saved by the commonsense that is the solid core of his sadness when he frequently rails and of his happiness when he, more rarely, rejoices. He sees humanity going the wrong way, but he scolds without self-righteousness and can always turn round to laugh at, as well as to approve of, himself.

The world's wrong way is that of a society in which security is guaranteed and entertainment laid on almost as the fulfilment of a natural right. Success being so heavily punished by taxation, there is no future in effort and adventure. On top of this cosy inertia come the huge pressures of mass-communications with the trivial press getting more trivial and the public sitting back to be told by the ubiquitous advertiser what it ought to want and where to buy it. This kind of pressurised community, which he labels Admass, believes itself to be enjoying vast new freedoms, while in fact everything is narrowing down and closing in.

It is a familiar indictment of the new democracy whose members, when asked by a pollster whether they are alive or not, might very well re-utter the frequently made reply, 'Don't know'. It is in Mr. Priestley's favour that he can always freshen a familiar theme with his easy, rapid, amusing way of writing. He is a scrutineer of social trends, but is never the professional sociologist; he is the reverse of being foggy or prolix; in his wilderness the air is keen, the turf springy, and the waters never flat.

Those who have read *Journey Down a Rainbow* may say 'We have been here before', and readers of *The New Statesman* are meeting a collection of essays well-known to themselves. There is, indeed, a good deal of repetition in these lively papers: they are rounded off with a lecture to P.E.N. which renews the old arguments and re-states the old indictment. Fortunately Mr. Priestley knows how to reinforce as well as to recapitulate: there are few writers of our time who have the necessary animation and ingenuity to make second helpings of 'grouse' seem as attractive as the first.

For those who know all about Mr. Priestley's dislikes the book fortunately includes something more than pungent analyses of the Well-fed State, which everybody admits to be a good deal

better than the Ill-fed State of the nineteenth-thirties. If the Well-fed State is also the Well-seated State, with non-stop diversion guaranteed to its arm-chaired citizens, we must look at the reputations which it creates in a week or two and rewards as the charmers and clowns of Vanity Fair have never been rewarded before. Mr. Priestley is always happy in the critical reporting of entertainment, and he includes a happy article on the sovereign drolls of this decade. Other themes considered are the new novelists, whom Mr. Priestley finds so oddly detached from their society, and the literary Calvinism of Dr. Leavis with his consignment of nearly all contemporary or recent writers to the outer darkness. Mr. Priestley, while pessimistic about the pressurised millions, knows that in the Street of Books there are still many mansions and tenants of all kinds and qualities and that it is the business of a civilised reader to tolerate, if he cannot enjoy, the best in each. Thus combatant, Mr. Priestley will find himself denied his isolation. Indeed, his wilderness, if he continues to talk such salty, salutary stuff, will be in danger of a popular invasion.

Norfolk Assembly

By R. W. Ketton-Cremer.

Faber. 28s.

History, like other social sciences, needs its 'case histories' to enliven the narrative. The story rolls on with its clash of political and economic interests, but what, we ask, was it like to live in the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries? The decision-makers who stood in the limelight are well enough known; it is those who lived, like most of us, on the periphery that we want to know about. Norfolk is peripheral enough, in all conscience, and Mr. Ketton-Cremer has already put us in his debt by rescuing from oblivion in his *Norfolk Portraits* and his *Norfolk Gallery*, some of the less important of its inhabitants. And now he has done it again. The value of his books derives not only from his pertinacious ferreting among the archives of country houses, but even more from the skill with which he presents his findings. When he was preparing the essay on Bloomfield, another historian of Norfolk, he sat reading the parish registers in Fersfield rectory. His subject seemed to come alive: 'he might almost have been in the room'. It is this sense of reality that Mr. Ketton-Cremer manages to convey. He has an intimate knowledge of the political feuds and friendships of the great Norfolk houses during the Commonwealth and under the Georges, so that when he describes Sir William Paston at Oxnead, a royalist living among supporters of the other side, or the row between Lord Townsend and Lord Leicester about the Militia and the killing of foxes, he gives the impression that he is writing of people he knows.

Humphrey Prideaux is an admirable subject. There are, of course, those lively savage letters in which he depicts the Oxford of his day when Balliol men resorted to 'a dingy, horrid, scandalous ale-house' and by 'perpetually bubbling add art to their natural stupidity to make themselves perfect sots', but in addition to the

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letters, there are unpublished diaries in the possession of the Dean and Chapter of Norwich, in which Prideaux confided his opinions of his fellow clergy with a pen charged with vitriolic disapproval. Smaller portraits include Charles Harbord, who went to Tangier and Spain with Lord Sandwich, Acton Cremer, whom Dr. Fell tried to dissuade from matrimony by making him translate a dreary book on Lapland, and Alec Penrose, whose generosity saved the St. George's Hall for Kings Lynn.

Besides the people, there are events, Norfolk may be geographically peripheral, but its position and textile industry brought it into contact with the Low Countries. When the Duke of Alba was persecuting the Netherlands, what more natural than that refugees should make for Norwich? The citizens expected 300 but in the course of time they received 4,000, and the account of their gradual absorption has a curiously topical ring about it. The 'Great Blowe' was a very different matter: a day's rioting which culminated in the explosion of the great powder casks in the Committee House, which blew out Mr. John Hobart's windows. Finally there is a section on 'Places and Things', which includes an account of the impressions recorded by visitors to Norfolk in the eighteenth century, a description of the 'Guntton Household Book', its recipes and prescriptions, and the story of the Oxnead treasure and its dispersal. Nothing could be more enjoyable.

Hitler: The Missing Years

By Ernst Hanfstaengl.

Eyre and Spottiswoode. 30s.

This book is extremely readable and its author tries quite hard to be honest. He excuses his own encouragement of Hitler, and his collaboration with him, as due to his desire to guide an invincible genius. What he cannot face is the fact that Hitler deceived him completely at first, then less and less as his power grew. Dr. Hanfstaengl prefers to believe that Hitler's character changed, but Mr. Alan Bullock's biography of the Führer made particularly clear that this was a man who proved himself less capable of development than almost any famous person one can think of: what he thought in the schoolroom with all the crudity of an adolescent he thought to his death.

It is difficult to exonerate Dr. Hanfstaengl to the extent that he claims exoneration. In the first place he did not depend for his livelihood upon toeing the line, as the huge army of German officials did. Secondly he knew all along that Hitler was sexually perverse and impotent: indeed he harps upon this theme to a degree which in itself seems almost obsessive—there was certainly no doubt for him that Hitler was a man capable of the most vicious cruelty, and it is curious that he should have been surprised when Hitler showed himself to be fascinated by the idea of Henry VIII's execution of his wives. Thirdly he refers to the Potempa incident in 1932 as if it were without significance. The whole of Hitler's creed was in that telegram he sent congratulating five Nazi thugs for their unusually odious murder of one wretched Communist miner—who was also a Pole and a Jew—before the eyes of his mother. No one could mistake that telegram for a joke, and it remains an extraordinary thing that it did not open more people's eyes.

Dr. Hanfstaengl's book offers its reader plenty of entertaining incidents, well presented, with the brief German phrase here and there which makes them come alive. He has some interesting stories to tell about Mr. Sefton Delmer and the Nazis. But somehow he is too plausible and misleads his readers, no doubt unintentionally, when for instance he takes all the credit for engineering Hitler's visit to Mussolini in June 1934.

The Opium of the Intellectuals

By Raymond Aron.

Secker and Warburg. 35s.

Monsieur Raymond Aron is a very clever man indeed: and his *Opium des Intellectuels* was rightly hailed on its appearance in 1955 as one of the most valuable and stimulating contributions made by 'the higher journalism' to the political discussions of our day. The fact that M. Aron passes in his own country as a representative of the Anglo-Saxon tradition of thought should in no way diminish the interest of his book for the English reader. Indeed, if anything it should increase it. For his thought is as good an example of the difference between things as they are and things as others see them as *zuppa inglese* or *le jardin anglais*.

The *Opium of the Intellectuals* contains three different messages, of rather varying degrees of subtlety, the messages being sometimes presented separately but sometimes overlaid with one, as it were, to be deciphered through another. In the first place, there is a scorching and vivid indictment of the post-war political activities and opinions of what passes for the left-wing intelligentsia in certain European countries, notably France. Secondly, there is a destructive analysis of the traditional classification of all political opinions into the two categories of left and right. And finally there is a subtle and devious attack upon a conception of politics that would seem to be characteristic of, if not essential to, all left-wing theory.

There can be no doubt that on the first of these scores M. Aron secures total victory. He deals in a devastating way with the various appeals that have been made to History and other abstractions in justification of fellow-travelling politics: he unravels the monstrous Hegelian terminology in which the simplest political points have come to be muffled. His treatment of writers like M. Merleau-Ponty is not only very effective, it is also very funny. However, it remains true of this part of the book that, detail apart, little is very new or at all likely to jolt the English reader: if he finds any occasion for surprise here, it will lie not in what M. Aron says but in the fact that he was given cause to say it.

It is then the other two messages contained in this book that are most likely to arouse interest and provoke discussion. On the face of it, there may seem to be a contradiction between the two. For how is it that M. Aron can at once attack a characteristically left-wing theory of politics as such and also maintain that the distinction between left and right lacks the validity that is ordinarily assumed for it? The answer to this question emerges when one sees what theory of politics it is that he condemns. Error for M. Aron arises with the introduction of ideology or doctrine into political controversy—the besetting sin of the intellectual. Now, it is of course only when ideology or doctrine is introduced that the difference

between left-wing and right-wing attitudes becomes apparent, for many of the measures advocated by the two sides are identical, and disagreement lies only in the theoretical reasons for which they are advanced. But for M. Aron this disagreement is, by and large, an irrelevancy. It is only, in other words, when politics are interpreted in terms of a left-wing theory of politics that they divide neatly and without remainder into left and right.

It is not always clear how far M. Aron is prepared to carry his attack on ideology and theory. Would he for instance condemn as so much misplaced intellectual energy the recent attempts made by the British Labour Party to reinterpret the traditional principles of socialism in the light of present economic conditions? A great merit of his book is that it should encourage the reader to think out such problems for himself, and so eventually to distinguish within his own political ideas between what is genuine belief and what is hot air.

Mr. Kilmartin is to be congratulated on his translation which is as readable as it is accurate. It is no criticism of him—indeed it is to his credit—to point out how now and again the tougher texture of the English language shows up a certain falsity, a certain rhetoric, which might well pass unnoticed in the more elegant original. For instance, a sentence like 'The true Left is that which continues faithfully to invoke, not liberty or equality, but fraternity—in other words, love' (page 24) can only sound ludicrous coming from so hard-headed, so un-Myshkin-like, a thinker as M. Aron.

Sovereignty: An Inquiry Into the Political Good. By Bertrand de Jouvenel. Cambridge. 27s. 6d.

Anybody given to deploring a contemporary dearth of political thought would do well to turn to Monsieur de Jouvenel. This accomplished bilingual journalist and broadcaster snatches from the demands of his fugitive tasks—whether English, American, or French—moments for serious reflection, and has thus produced by gradual accumulation two works which will be found indispensable to all who are alive to the importance of political principle. The first was *Du Pouvoir*, which appeared at Geneva in 1945; the second, *De la Souveraineté*, which, having engaged him for nine years, came out in Paris in 1955. Mr. J. F. Huntington has translated both for the benefit of English readers, and it is his rendering of the second which is now before us. That it bears the imprint of the Cambridge Press should signify that we in England are not going to let the lightness of the commentator deny the ponderation of the thinker.

In *Du Pouvoir* M. de Jouvenel described how public authority grew in Europe and the West. Now, having noticed that political theory today is devoted only to defining the legitimate constitution of this authority, he has inquired instead how it acts well. The problem seemed to him more difficult because society in our time is manifestly dynamic. He has been greatly stimulated by G. Dumézil's book, *Mitra-Varuna: Essai sur deux représentations indo-européennes de la Souveraineté*, which came out in Paris in 1940. 'The art of politics', he says, 'is a technique for increasing the human energies at our disposal by rallying other men's wills to our cause'. Not only do men naturally cohere in groups—Hobbes's solitary man is more

fanciful than Robinson Crusoe—but also they constantly form new groups. Authority is asserted in the formation of these, and is met with at every level. A man who simply draws others round him M. de Jouvenel calls a *dux*, and distinguishes him from the human stabiliser or *rex*. 'It depends on the capacity proper to the *rex*', he says, 'whether the additive achievement of the *dux* becomes a lasting aggregation'.

Political science is thereupon the study of agencies tending to establish and develop conditions of fruitful co-operation. Sovereignty is 'the visible sign of an inner conviction held by members of an aggregate that their aggregate has an absolute value'. That is the starting-point from which, in succession, the problem of the nature of the political good, the dispensation of justice in society, the theory of the sovereign, and the practical applications of the notion of liberty, are examined. The English edition includes a chapter not in the French; a concluding chapter written in English by the author. There was none in the French, he says, because he wished the book to be suggestive rather than didactic, and an ever strong power of suggestion is what gives it its outstanding merit. This is not to say that the author is without positive convictions. For instance, he is as certain as Aristotle was that political science is a moral science, and he exposes the folly of moral relativism. He has observed that societies which are Christian must be progressive.

The British. By Drew Middleton.

Secker and Warburg. 25s.

Mr. Middleton, who is chief correspondent of the *New York Times* in London—one of the most responsible posts in the whole field of journalism—has written a shrewd and balanced account of life and work in Britain since 1945. His book is intended mainly for American readers, so it contains some information that is very familiar to us; but his angle of vision is different from ours; he sees points that escape us, and so reaches conclusions that are in a way unfamiliar.

Some of his judgements are gloomy. He insists that 'neither among the middle class nor among the working class is there sufficient awareness of the critical situation in which Britain finds herself'. He notes with dismay that the nation's leaders have not yet succeeded in bringing the facts home to people. As for the popular press, 'It is only too evident that the great problems of our times are not being brought to the people of the country in the serious manner that is vital to the nation'. In spite of everything, Mr. Middleton remains an optimist. His criticism of trade union policies is acute. 'It is my conclusion', he writes, 'that today it is the industrial owner and manager who understands the nation's situation and the union leader who does not. . . . There is a dangerous lack of tolerance in labour's approach to management'. Yet Mr. Middleton concludes that the British 'because of their essential homogeneity, can afford a higher pitch of internal argument than can other nations'.

One point is perhaps worth making about this loud internal argument. Since both the main

political parties appear for the moment to be in virtual agreement on many issues that were once intensely controversial, almost the only field left for political disagreement and hyperbole is the economic. The steam that has gone out of the other topics has gone into economics. So we find one side in the argument accusing the working man of being idle and truculent; while the other accuses managements of being predatory and grasping. These are words calculated to alarm the timid gentlemen who manage banks



Head of a female figurine, carved in ivory. Gravettian culture: from Brassempouy, Les Landes. One of the photographs by Stevan Celébonovic from *Old Stone Age* (Phoenix House, 30s.) which has a commentary by Geoffrey Grigson

in Zurich. But need we take them quite so seriously? Mr. Middleton's book deserves to have many readers in this country. It says a great many things that need saying; the fact that Mr. Middleton is so obviously an old friend makes his views all the more valuable.

Jean-Philippe Rameau

By Cuthbert Girdlestone. Cassell. 84s.

Unlike so many expensive books nowadays, this one is worth the money. Professor Girdlestone has given us one classic of musical criticism in his study of *Mozart's Piano Concertos*; now, moving a little nearer his 'own' ground—for after all it is French, not music, that he teaches in the University of Durham—he gives us another. This is the best book on Rameau in any language, with the possible exception of Masson's *L'Opéra de Rameau*, to which Professor Girdlestone is naturally indebted. It is not limited to the operas, as Masson's is, but embraces the instrumental and church music, biography, and Rameau's theories, and admirably paints in the whole cultural background and a great deal of back-history—though on the

last point the author is a little too willing to accept the outdated views of Romain Rolland and others. The operas are discussed in detail and seriatim by categories, the *tragédies lyriques*, the *opéras-ballets*, the *comédies lyriques*, and this is no doubt the best method for the English reader who has not already a considerable literature on the subject.

Masson's approach was that of the musicologist; Professor Girdlestone does not pretend to be a musicologist. He writes as a connoisseur.

He is no dilettante; he delights in technicalities—but he *delights* in them. He savours the music with his palate, as musicologists are usually too *pudiques* to do, and conveys the pleasure. One has to read his book with the vocal scores at one's elbow, not because it is incomprehensible without them—he is more than generous with music-type, many of his three hundred examples consist of whole pages and more in full orchestral score (if itself enough to explain why the book costs and is worth four guineas)—but because he is continually drawing one's attention to beauties one had either forgotten or never known, and one wants to play them at once. Rameau yields more than most opera-composers to the amateur at the piano, as the author frequently reminds us: 'Even strummed on the piano, these minuets [in the Second Act of "Platée"] can be creepy'. The dangers of all this gusto are over-valuation, which Professor Girdlestone generally avoids, and the reading into the music of qualities that are not there. He rightly emphasises Rameau's intensity, his nostalgia, and so on. But when he senses 'grace, unreality, suspense, satisfaction, longing, calm, agitation' in one little *gavotte en rondeau* from 'Nais', one feels—even though one may agree that it is 'one of the most miraculous dances Rameau ever wrote'—that his criticism has reached the limits of the permissibly subjective. But, as so often, he prints the piece in full score so that we may judge for ourselves.

Of all the composers generally acknowledged to be 'great', Rameau is the most unardonably neglected. Even the few of his innumerable enchanting dances that one hears from time to time are usually heard in the orchestrations of Felix Mottl and his fellows.

The Early Christian Church

By Philip Carrington.

Cambridge. Two vols. 52s. 6d. each

The Archbishop of Quebec has written a very remarkable work. These two fat volumes, each over 500 pages in length, contain what is probably the most substantial and detailed account of the rise and development of the Christian Church during the two centuries following the Crucifixion available in English. They are extremely thorough, giving at least as much space to the literature of the period and the fluctuations of thought as to the march of events. At the same time they are delightfully readable. If the amateur should be deterred by their appearance of solidity and weight, he should rest assured that, if he perseveres, he will find them a most satisfying browsing ground.



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Dr. Carrington's study ranges far and wide. Half the first volume is devoted to the apostolic age itself, with its tensions and struggles and its creation of the canonical writings. Later he traces the vitally significant Christian movements that came to light in Asia Minor, Syria, Rome, and Corinth; nor does he forget to paint the setting of the Church in the hostile empire. In the second volume the rise of heresies and the emergence of distinctive schools of theology, the collision with paganism and the persecutions which the Church had to endure, and its own internal controversies, are all woven skilfully into a complex pattern. The main narrative ends about the middle of the third century, but Dr. Carrington finds room for a full discussion of the evolution of the Church's liturgies, catechisms, and creeds.

It is an absorbing story, and he makes it all the more so by his readiness to let the sources speak for themselves. A large part of the book consists of either analyses or summaries of, or even citations from, these ancient documents, and this imparts great freshness and vividness to it. As a result of this, and of the very personal, sympathetic approach which Dr. Carrington adopts, the reader sometimes gets the sensation of actually witnessing the events narrated. The experts will naturally have their strictures to advance. Apart from points of purely scholarly interest, they may find his selection of topics arbitrary and his treatment of them unequal; and they may judge him better informed on some subjects (*e.g.*, liturgies) than on others (*e.g.*, Gnosticism). His scholarship, however, is always soundly based and (for a man occupied with episcopal administration) wonderfully up to date. Though unconventional, his method of deploying his material, as well as his graceful style, should attract the ordinary reader.

Not the least charming feature of these volumes is the abundance of excellent photographs with which they are illustrated. There are over sixty of these plates, all the size of a page; they reproduce paintings from the catacombs, Roman monuments, the excavations of Doura-Europos, the texts of manuscripts, etc. There are also admirable maps and chronological tables. Altogether, though expensive, this is a work which gives the purchaser his money's worth by setting before him a fascinating and reliable picture of the life and development of the primitive Church.

Battle for the Mind

By William Sargant. Heinemann. 25s.

This book is concerned with deliberate attempts to change people's attitudes, beliefs, and conduct. Let no one think that this is a wicked thing to do. What else, after all, are methods of education aimed at? Such techniques as we have at our disposal may, however, like all techniques, be used for good or ill, and the ones described by Dr. Sargant have been used for purposes of which many people disapprove. When people disapprove, they call it brain-washing, when they approve they call it conversion: the methods employed may be the same. Dr. Sargant's account of these methods and his explanation of them in terms of Pavlovian psychology are of the greatest interest.

We have all heard how Pavlov conditioned his dogs to dribble at the sound of a bell, fewer of us have heard how he sent them off their

heads. If a stimulus used is intensified, or if a stimulus associated with food is made to alternate with a similar stimulus *not* associated with food, if the animals are in a poor state of health, or if they receive a sudden shock, their nervous systems cease to be able to cope. Protective inhibition may set in, removing recent conditioning; they may respond to all stimuli alike; they may completely reverse their training and respond to stimuli they have been taught not to respond to, ignoring the ones they have hitherto accepted; in addition they may become highly suggestible. Now, according to Dr. Sargant, almost exactly the same happens with humans. A physical shock removes recent conditioning: hence the therapeutic value of electric shock treatment. An emotional upheaval works the same way: hence the therapeutic value of living through a terrifying experience under the influence of drugs; hence the value of the fear of hell-fire, worked up by the revivalist, as a softening-up process preparatory to religious conversion; hence, too, the value of fear and anger, intensified by physical debility under prison conditions, in rendering a person more liable to reject his old political convictions and accept new ones.

It is a terrifying story. A dismal little gleam of hope is provided. The first to suffer from Pavlov's artificially-induced neurosis were the dogs who co-operated; the worst affected were those who got frightened or angry. In order to win the 'battle for the mind' we must remain aloof. 'I couldn't care less' is at last justified.

The World of the Soil

By Sir John Russell. Collins. 25s.

'A clod of earth seems at first sight to be the embodiment of the stillness of death'—a sentence of Sir John Russell's which suggests the peculiarity, the impact and, for the common reader especially, the value of this book. It goes under a poor title, but not, after all, an inaccurate one: the soil is a world, and it is a world, or a vital estate, for all the intensive investigations of the last half-century, imperfectly known and in many ways—even now—very difficult to explore. We are off into space, and still do not know the few productive inches underfoot. In the clod of that substance we have always used metaphorically for death and burial (if also with hints of resurrection and rebirth) an incessant activity goes on—physical, chemical, biological. The clod is as full of traffic as Piccadilly Circus. In fact the soil consists half of solid matter, half of space. It is a cave system, it is tunnel, pore, and fissure—this space being filled with water and air.

As for its population, the soil resembles an enormous capital supporting and sheltering what Sir John Russell names *Visible* and *Invisible*, everything from bacteria to the velvet mole. The tough problems have to do both with inhabitants and with physical environment; and this book explains and also recounts: as it goes, it imparts some idea of the way in which a soil science has developed and a very fair sketch of what soil science today knows and infers. Few scientists are so kind to a readership of amateurs, few scientists seem enough inside their subjects to write about them so persuasively, with such a mixture of explorer's excitement and calm. Sir John Russell feelingly quotes Virgil, not simply because it is the thing to do in a book which touches agriculture, but

because Virgil, too, pertinently said that agriculture was always going to challenge our wits.

After which it is again and again fascinating to see what an ass traditional and scientifically untested wit can make of itself across the centuries. Top hoeing, gardeners please note, does not conserve moisture, killing weeds matters more than a fine tilth, indeed more than most things; and deep cultivation is often a waste of backache. Agriculture is not all the morality of hard work.

Educating our Rulers

By A. D. C. Petersen.

Duckworth. 7s. 6d.

In 1984 England will be a different country with managers and technologists assuming great importance in a world where every nation has developed technical expertise. Our rulers will be drawn from the children now receiving some form of secondary education.

These considerations call for fresh thinking about education, contends Mr. Petersen, headmaster of Dover College, and he has packed every page of a short book with reasoned pleas for reform. First there is the urgent need for the schools to swing over more rapidly to the sciences. Their reluctance to do this derives from our traditional belief in the civilising effects of an arts course. But what has happened to these courses? In the name of mental discipline they have accumulated 'great tracts of memorising or detailed analysis' which are only suited to the pure scholar. If these were jettisoned the sixth former could do a mixed specialisation in two arts and two science subjects—but the sciences should begin with first principles, and should in their turn jettison, among other things, the time-wasting controlled experiments which, in contrast to other nations, we have considered necessary. The universities would help by requiring four subjects in G.C.E. advanced level for entrance, and some might institute a mixed history and science degree that would be suited to the future man of action. As to the structure and *ethos* of the school, let us beware, says Mr. Petersen, of confusing the importance of mixing social classes with the danger of mixing intellectual levels. Let us continue to train character in the manner of our more progressive schools, but the school should not live an insulated existence. This is but to select a few points from a stimulating book.

Birds of the British Isles: Volume 6. By

D. Bannerman. Oliver and Boyd. £3. 3s.

Everyone interested in natural history, from amateur bird watcher to scientific ornithologist, will welcome the sixth volume of Dr. Bannerman's great work. This deals with the storks, herons, swans, geese and sheld ducks. A particularly pleasing feature of the book is provided by the numerous essays on special topics contributed by some of the author's many ornithological friends in various countries abroad. A complete account is thus given of the natural history of many species that are but rare stragglers to the British Isles; this gives the work a wholly desirable breadth of view and brings home strongly to the reader that the bird fauna of our country is part of the fauna of Europe and beyond. As in the previous volumes the beautiful coloured plates by the late G. E. Lodge form a fitting illumination to the author's text.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Facts and Fictions

THE 'SPUTNIKS' have undoubtedly made many people stare at the sky once again, hence dazzled and watering eyes and hence flying saucers and other inexplicable objects apparently high in the heavens but actually no doubt, like beauty, in the eye of the beholder. A week ago *The Times* printed reports from Australia and America of an interesting assortment of things seen in the sky on November 5 and 6 (significant dates!), ranging from the mere flying saucer to a cigar-shaped object containing four men and two women to whom the observer, a Mr. Schmidt of California, had talked. Nearer home 'Tonight' introduced us on Guy Fawkes Day to a few members of a society called 'The Ethereans', or something like it, who described in pardonably vague and ecstatic terms spaceships and suchlike cattle which they had themselves seen. One of the speakers claimed not only to have received communications from Mars, Venus, Jupiter, and other planets but to have visited Mars himself. There are at present a few Martians, he told Derek Hart, in this country. He had sat next to one in a coach. 'How did you know he was a Martian?' asked Mr. Hart. 'Because he boarded the bus through the window'. Well, there you are!

This item exemplifies one of 'Tonight's' most useful and entertaining functions which is to introduce us to all sorts and conditions of men and women, and so enlarge our knowledge of the length, breadth, thinness, and thickness of the human mind. Occasionally, I think, it overestimates the value of merely negative information, as when recently it presented the old lady who for years and years has never missed her nightly visit to the local cinema and accepts all she gets with indiscriminating satisfaction.

A fortnight ago 'Tonight' attempted a new line in an item which with me was a complete success. It was Derek Hart who conducted us

to a Cotswold village called Wix Green where witchcraft in various forms still survives. He questioned a number of natives who were evasive and evidently unwilling to confide in a stranger, but enough leaked through to convince me that various rites are still practised by villagers who are often entirely ignorant of their significance. I was deeply interested and quite unprepared for

little details which are so much more convincing than important and highly coloured ones. This hoax rivalled that perpetrated some months ago by 'Panorama', on the subject of the spaghetti harvest in Switzerland. Half the enjoyment of pieces like these is retrospective, for it is not until the gaff is blown that we can realise and chuckle over the skill of their construction.

Unhappily they can be presented at rare intervals only, otherwise they will undermine the viewers' gullibility and so destroy themselves. Already last week I found myself suspecting that those Ethereans were a hoax, but if so which was the victim, I or 'Tonight'?

In 'Panorama' Richard Dimbleby mentioned without any dotting of i's or crossing of t's that we British are talking as much about the dog as about the *sputnik*, and later he remarked on the curious fact that at the moment all we could offer to rival the Russian display of two world-satellites was the veteran car run to Brighton. The main theme was the Hungarian Revolution, vividly shown in film and commentary, followed by a painful and timely reminder of the still urgent case of thousands of Hungarian refugees, in a broadcast in which Christopher Chat-away talked to several of them at a place near the Austro-Hungarian frontier. A later item showed Malcolm Muggeridge in conversation with Augustus John in his studio at Fordingbridge. While treating his guest with perfect courtesy Mr. John had evidently not the least desire to exploit television. His talk was brief, pungent, and entirely individual. Such behaviour is a severe test of an interviewer's ingenuity, but Mr. Muggeridge's showed little sign of strain. It was a most agreeable broadcast.

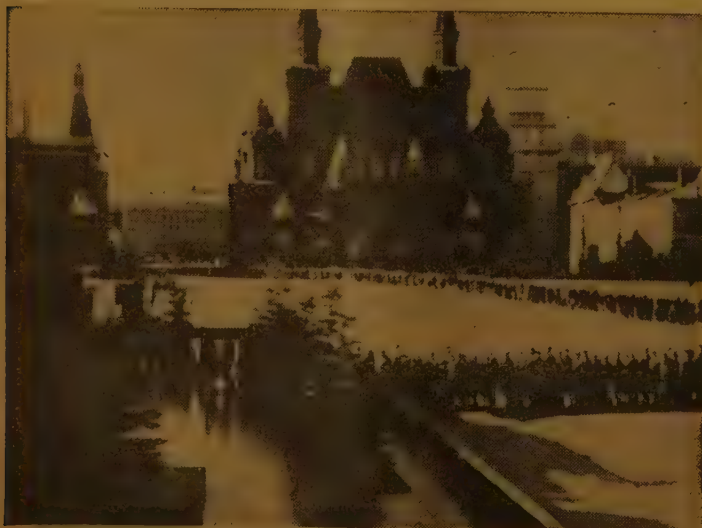
In the first talk in 'The Future of Communism' Christopher Mayhew gave a clear, fully documented and extremely interesting talk on the present state of industry, science, and agriculture in the Soviet Union and on the probabilities of the immediate future, in which he quoted both Russian and Western estimates. What made the talk the more convincing was its complete objectivity. Mr. Mayhew showed not the least prejudice either in favour of or against the Soviet Union: his evident aim was simply to give facts and forecasts as accurately as he could.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG



Mayflower II, the subject of Alan Villiers' film, part of which received its first public showing in Great Britain in the television programme 'Sea and Ships' on November 7

Cliff Michelmore's confession at the end that Wix Green is not to be found on the map. To succeed in this sort of thing the script writer must use the greatest discretion: one false note and he gives the whole show away. In this case my belief was never strained, indeed it was reinforced by several of those trivial

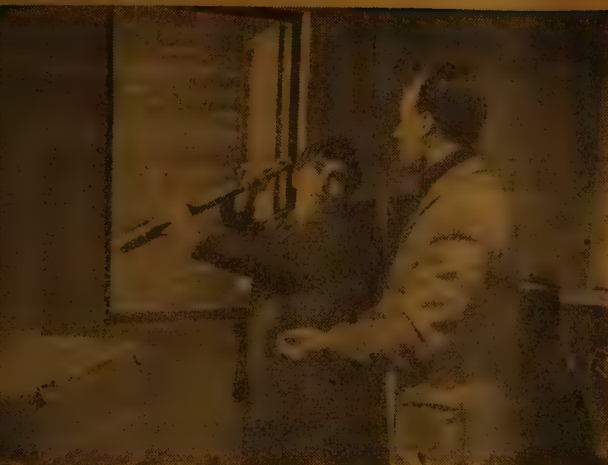


Two shots from 'The Future of Communism' on November 6: a queue of people waiting in Red Square, Moscow, to see Lenin's tomb; and a study of faces in the queue

DRAMA

The Passing Years

'THE TELESCOPE' seems at first to be rooted curiously, Ibsen-style, in a previous generation. The young parson who has come to Canbury in the East End dockland feels the weight of the years upon him: years when his ancestors built the town in its ugliness, its huddled squalor. That, to him, was a crime he must expiate: he must 'make up for what my family has done for these people', and in seeking to do so he finds a



Melvyn Hayes (left) as Joe Palmer and Edward Woodward as John Mayfield in 'The Telescope' on November 5

orse problem than he had expected. For viewers st week, the makers of Victorian Canbury were ver more than a dimness at the wrong end of e telescope. Mr. Sherriff looks the present orld in the face. It is the sharpness of this ose-up, the general problem brought to the articular in the person of one adolescent, that akes of the play so honest and exciting a ontribution to the stage.

I said of it when it was done on sound-radio at it was a play and not a fake, life and not our joke. Further experience reinforces this. e dramatist sharpens his piece to a compelling st scene in which the Church must make a ecision. ('What would *you* do, chums?' as yd Walker used to say.) R. C. Sherriff shows at his vicar holds to be the plain way of uth. We may, or may not, agree, but there problem is: genuine, immediate, arguable. as sorry that, in performance, lack of time evented us from meeting Miss Fortescue, the flutiential parishioner added—I think with uch effect—to an extended text. She is, in r fashion, as much of a Church problem in anbury as the resolutely spendthrift new-rich o refuse the responsibilities of a middle-class e.

We met on television—and wisely—much the me cast that, also under Bryan Bailey, did the ay at the Guildford Repertory Theatre. It eds to be acted with the straightest, the sin- rest naturalism: a fervour to atch Sherriff's. Edward Woodward s this approach. He is a young tor with a good deal of restrained ower, and the fact that he is to e appear as Laertes, Mercutio, and audio at Stratford next season oves that he has much else. Cer- nly he fitted into the vicarage of anbury. Melvyn Hayes repeated s haunting and ultimately terrify- g performance of a child of chaos, e rest of whose life will probably a scream of invective against the stem that has 'betrayed' him. It as agreeable in the televised play, esented by Ayton Whitaker, to see mething of St. Mark's Vicarage m the outside, and to be shown e Palmer's first view of the outer orld. That omnibus crossing ower Bridge may be a sight as milar as Crumple's pump and o tubs; but for the sympathetic is, in 'The Telescope', an un- mmonly affecting moment.

The years are still passing with 'The English Family Robinson' in Indian outpost. We reached 1904 ain MacCormick's 'The Third

Miracle' on Sunday, and I was none too sorry to leave. As Max Beer-bohm said in another context, 'Death and disease, disaster and darkness were our joy'. Dalpore, under its two Robinsons, those fierce individualists, Jock the D.O. and Ross the M.O., had become a grim place, hardly helped by the presence of old Mrs. Robinson (Marie Ney in a loyal performance) as she wandered about in a state of religious mania, or by the racial rivalry and fanaticism rampant in the town.

Stuart Burge, the director, had a struggle to get the play going. It moved suddenly during the last twenty minutes or so, when the administration faced one of those crises inevitable in Dalpore: a crisis complicated by the obstinacy of the son of an old friend (I write the word dubiously), Bannerji the land-owner. But most people in Dalpore are obstinate in one way or another (I except the little Muslim doctor acted with some charm by John Barrard), and we can understand the Simla file's comment on Jock Robinson: 'Stubborn and inflexible; unsuited for higher administration; sound on district level'. Eric Porter's Jock, preserved in gin, remains for me the most likeable of the Robinsons. I could not take to Ross (acted on one note by William Lucas), though it was said of him, 'One day he will become a legend'. Maybe we shall hear so next Sunday. Mary Watson offered a very firm portrait of an English nursing sister, also an individualist, brought (not too persuasively) into the world of Dalpore. She hurtled at the part with the kind of attack it needed. But, on the whole, for all its incidental notes upon the health of India and the growth of the government services, it was rather more exhausting than exciting: the third play, but hardly the third miracle.

Time has slipped by happily at 'The Royalty'. The old place is saved. A staff meeting offered its all; but an American visitor in love with Tradition (and very properly

made any sacrifice needless. He was—as we were beginning to guess—more than an ordinary visitor. The authors, for some reason, made him go down to Seaciff in the rain to announce the good tidings (I imagine Campbell Logan prized those shots of waves and a gale-swept town). Margaret Lockwood, other domestic matters pleasantly adjusted, received the news with gratitude, and all's now well in St. James's, except—no one mentioned this—that guests at the Royalty will miss the St. James's Theatre.

Finally, Sunday night's recital. The years stand still during the 'Appassionata', and Myra Hess played it to our joy.

J. C. TREWIN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Felony and Felicity

'CONNOISSEURS OF CRIME' in the Home Service on Thursdays alternates fictitious and factual felonies. If I disliked the first of the fictions I detested the first of the facts. 'Palmer the Poisoner' was really poisonous, and it is difficult



William Lucas as Ross Robinson and Mary Watson as Cherry Johnson in 'The Third Miracle', third episode in the play cycle 'The English Family Robinson', on November 10

to be merely critical about a script that is merely offensive. Or am I idiosyncratic in finding something morbidly repellent in such lines as these about a man whose execution was of dubious legal validity:

My first thought on looking at Palmer was that he was like a statue. Within a year, he was a statue—or, at least, a waxwork—in the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussauds...

These subjects are chosen, says 'publicity' in its vaguely portentous way, 'for their interest and significance'. I wonder what healthy interest or significance other non-medical listeners found in the difference between professional witnesses as to whether putrefaction or fermentation could so discompose strychnia in the stomach that it could not be detected? Were they entertained by cross-examination designed to discredit witnesses by revealing a sordid side to their sex lives? Did they feel that the whole unsavoury business was satisfactorily resolved by the desultory discussion which conceded that the judicial direction was prejudiced but seemed to agree that the man in the dock was probably better put out of the way by execution anyhow? For my part I found the programme nasty,



Scene from 'The Peaceful Inn' on November 7, with (left to right) Eynon Evans as Boots, Michael Gough as Hatlock, Joyce Heron (left, on sofa) as Frances Courtenay and Jessica Dunning as Joanna Spring, Brenda Dunrich (behind) as Meredith, Gwyneth Petty as Marian Fisher, Michael Allinson as Norman Fisher, and Godfrey Kenton (right) as Alan Harper

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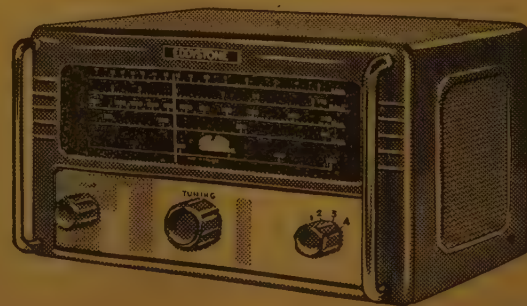
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utish, and not short enough and I was minded that the word felon can also mean a small abscess. There is a large public for it, of course, but is it right for the B.B.C. to exploit morbid popular taste of the kind to which certain newspapers appeal to combat dwindling circulation?

Kingsley Amis saved me the trouble of arguing that his science-fiction thriller 'Touch and Go', broadcast in the Third Programme last week—also, perhaps, in the hope of attracting new listeners by making a more popular appeal?—follows fairly closely the pattern of a well-established kind of detective story. One by one the preparation party of scientists on some sinister spot in space die screaming in the dark, at times—it turns out—of horrible hallucinations. The organs of touch induced by vindictive vegetation. The space-gimmick was imaginatively exploited in David Thomson's production with a fine range of mechanical whines, monstrous roars of pain, and other auditory aids to apprehension. Feeling, perhaps, that one scientist is much like another, Mr. Amis distinguished them by different national and regional accents rather than as characters, though the dialogue was more recognisably human than is often the case in this sort of fiction. The *sputniks*, as has been widely observed, lent the piece an adventitious topicality, and fear is a natural human reaction to unknown and alien conditions. But isn't it a shade depressing that the only thing we have to project into outer space is a herbaceous hound of the Baskervilles? Why must the imagination of our most promising younger writers be so morbidly earth-bound?

'Felicity', a Flaubert story rendered for radio by Barbara Bray in the Home Service programme still, anachronistically, called 'Saturday-Night Theatre', points the contrast. In its circumstances it is sad, and the mortality rate is high. Felicity loses her whole world—the man she was to marry, the children she looked after as a servant but was forbidden to kiss, the favourite nephew who went to sea, the selfish mistress, even the parrot on whom she finally wished her inexhaustible devotion. The finale is macabre. The parrot has taken the place of the Holy Ghost that descended in the form of a dove. Dead, stuffed, dirty, and mouldering as it is, she loves it still and has it placed amid white roses on the altar when she lies old, deaf, and dying.

But in losing her whole world she has saved her soul, instead of the man Theo she has God. Flaubert triumphantly succeeds in transfiguring the final absurdity into the beautiful rather in the same way as the story of Our Lady's Tomb. His effects are precariously poised in the radio play. In English dialogue the story sometimes hung by a thread and the grotesque tragedy at the end almost sank into sentimentalism. But Mrs. Bray evidently loved the story so much that its spirit still haunted her script. And her production drew a performance of memorable sincerity and simplicity from June Robin. The total effect was moving enough to give one critic wondering where among the prisoners and the planet-stricken protagonists with whom our own authors seem so gruesomely obsessed is the faith, hope, and charity that Flaubert's full look at the circumstantial world brought to the increasingly rare altitude of art.

ROY WALKER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Cracking the Veneer

OUND RADIO will have the field of the international hook-up more or less to itself until television rays can be thrown from continent to continent as a matter of course—and those days are presumably not far off. It is a form of radio which still fills me with something like childish

wonder, and I marvel when I hear four men, separated by hundreds or by thousands of miles, discussing some subject with fireside intimacy, without the crackle of atmospherics or sudden silences. It seems strange that the various broadcasting systems of the world don't encourage these inter-continental discussions on serious subjects far more. Apart from providing good listening such exchange of frank opinion between nations is a vitally important thing in itself, and could have excellent effects in the formation of national opinion. For instance, in the Home Service's 'Radio Link' the other night French, German, and American journalists discussed the satellites and related matters with an English admiral; and I don't think the American, Mr. Robert Hotz, would have left the Washington studio without having his thoughts and opinions modified and clarified by the discussion. He now knows something about European reaction to the *sputniks* which he could never get from the foreign reports in American newspapers or the knowing paragraphs in *Time*. If there can't be summit talks why not far more discussions on the lower slopes? 'Radio Link' should be a weekly rather than a monthly programme.

For me, nothing has brought home more vividly America's state of mind over the *sputniks* than Mr. Hotz's tense voice as he said that till now his country had been living in a dream world of illusion, and that the shattering of the dream will produce a new seriousness. I wish he had been asked what form this seriousness would take, whether it would be a rational rethinking of problems, or a hysterical race to regain power—disguised as 'seriousness'. Alas, one felt one knew the answer, even before Mr. Hotz spoke about the probable co-ordination of the three service departments which are independently at work on inter-continental missiles.

There was no obvious connection between this programme and the Third Programme discussion between Mr. Graham Hutton and Mr. T. E. Utley on 'Custom, Authority, and Freedom'; but in a way the speakers on 'Radio Link' exemplified some of the problems of the relationship between the individual and society which were the centre of Mr. Hutton's and Mr. Utley's discussion. Mr. Hutton talked of 'They', the mysterious figures on both sides of the Iron Curtain who have gained the authority to take over from the individual a great deal of the ordering of his own functional and private life. Both speakers saw the decline of individual liberty as rooted in the anxiety and insecurity of life today throughout the world. The unconscious will of the individual is offering up his freedom as a sacrifice for the hoped return of corporate security. When I say that the 'Radio Link' speakers exemplified this, I mean that each spoke less as an individual than as a representative of his nation. These were men of authority, if not 'They' themselves then at least the minions of 'Them'; was there, I wondered, an individual locked up inside them wanting to cry out with the 'divine irresponsibility' of Mr. J. B. Priestley's fine article in *The New Statesman*? What they did, in fact, say was interesting and usually worth saying, but it was the product of what one might call corporate thinking; the thinking that we take for granted in the public speeches of politicians and which forms the always thickening intellectual veneer to society as a whole. How wonderful it is when our great individual voices rise to break through the veneer—and how rarely we hear those voices nowadays.

Mr. Hutton and Mr. Utley agreed that their subject was the outstanding problem of our time, but they did not really achieve their intention of discussing the reasons why individual freedom was in voluntary decline. Disagreeing with Mr. Hutton, Mr. Utley argued that the anxiety is the direct result of a deliberate flight from security

which has been led by people with a passion for individual freedom. It was the old question of the chicken and the egg, and neither speaker seemed anxious to tackle it, but they agreed entirely that the problems related to it were fundamentally more important than the hydrogen bomb, which was no more than a symbol and a symptom.

MICHAEL SWAN

MUSIC

The Fewer, the Higher?

THOUGH THE QUANTITY of music broadcast is abated, the amateur could hardly complain of the quality offered last week. I record this as a fact, without suggesting that it is, on the converse analogy of the spinning mouse, the effect of a cause. Still, let us credit the Music Department at Broadcasting House with having, last week, abundantly produced 'the goods'.

Even in face of competition from Claudio Arrau's performances of Beethoven's Fourth and Fifth Concertos and the First and Fourth Symphonies under Klemperer's direction, I am inclined to set in the first place the performance of Monteverdi's 'Orfeo' recorded at the Hitzacker Festival and broadcast in the Third Programme on November 4. Never before have I heard the first masterpiece of opera so completely justify its status. It had a vividness and a dramatic power that projected the emotional intensity of the music across three and a half centuries of changing theatrical conventions. Monteverdi was shown to have achieved not the imitation of the Greek at which the Florentine theorists aimed but the grandeur and timelessness that have given immortality to the ancient tragedies.

This was, incidentally, a vindication of scholarship, which so far from leading to pedantry and dullness produced a most vivacious performance. Great care had been taken to assemble the equivalents of that curious gallimaufry of instruments for which Monteverdi wrote, because their players happened to be at hand in Mantua. What is more important, August Wenzinger got them to play with fluency and the nice balance of a good orchestra. There was no suggestion of that tentative jangling and tooting we sometimes heard in the early years of what I may call, with all respect, the Dolmetschian Renaissance. Moreover, the singers, among whom was that excellent artist, Helmut Krebs, in the part of Orfeo, had mastered the antique style to a degree that enabled them to sing their music with natural inflections and to disregard the 'tyranny of the bar-line'. Orfeo's long recitative in the last act was an outstanding instance of the beauty and deeply emotional quality of Monteverdi's declamation when it is properly sung. Among the others in the first-rate cast, Margot Guillaume, Horst Günter and Peter Rohr-Ehrang were conspicuously good.

The only point to which insufficient attention seemed to have been paid was the question of ornaments. La Musica (rightly, I think) ornamented the long note in the second bar of her strophic song, but not the final cadence which seems to cry out for embellishment. Throughout there was too little consistency in this matter. On the other hand, Krebs delivered the written coloratura in his big aria in brilliant style. Another vindication of musicology was offered on Thursday by the Philomusica (ex-Boyd Neel) Orchestra under Thurston Dart in a performance of Bach's Fourth Brandenburg Concerto with recorders, a small body of strings and continuo. It sounded very fresh and delightful—no heavy chugging rhythms. The whole of this concert of eighteenth-century music was good entertainment, which was what the composers of that far from solemn age aimed at.

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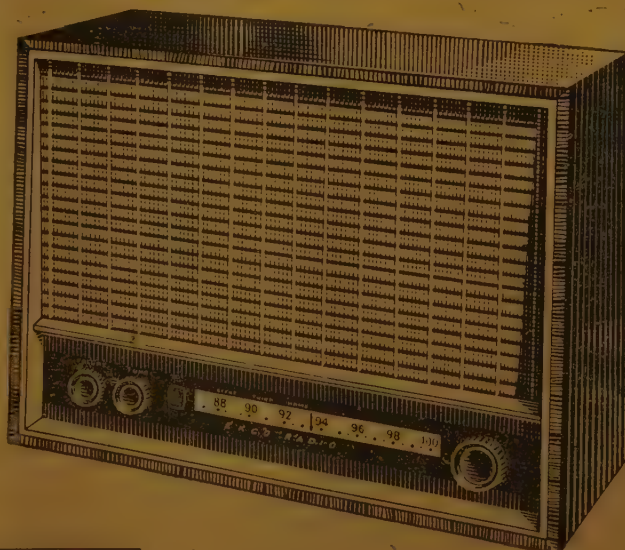


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monia Orchestra under Klemperer rose to the full stature of Beethoven's Concertos in G and E flat. He has the virtuosity to produce pearly runs, ample power and accuracy to make formidable passages in double octaves not feats of endurance but grand strokes of drama, and above all the feeling for the poetry of Beethoven's music. These were, indeed, superb performances and, apart from some ragged chording by the wood-winds in the *Adagio* of the Concerto in E flat, impeccable in detail and interpretation.

The Fourth Concerto was preceded by a splendid performance of the 'Egmont' Overture. It was followed by one of the Seventh Symphony—I write of the concert on the Sun-

day night which was broadcast—which I found strangely disappointing. There were all the makings of one of Klemperer's noble and spacious interpretations, but, for some reason or other, it did not 'come alive'—as it did on the following evening, when the programme was repeated, if I may credit the eulogy bestowed on it by one of my colleagues in the daily press. The Sunday performance sounded rather like a sketch for a masterpiece, a trial run-through to which the finishing touches, that would bring it to life, were yet to be added. There were no such reservations to be made about the Fourth and First Symphonies, played in that order on Friday, which fully came up to expectation.

I leave aside for later discussion Jascha Horenstein's concerts with the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, in order to applaud the magnificent playing of the Parrenin Quartet in Bartók's Fourth Quartet. Beside it, Milhaud's new Quartet sounded flabby music, though well written for its medium. We were told that this eighteenth of the series was composed out of a determination to outdo Beethoven in numbers. But M. Milhaud does not seem to have considered the higher importance of composing even one movement, let alone a whole quartet, that could look Beethoven in the face without blushing.

DYNELEY HUSKEY

Humphrey Searle and the Serial Symphony

By RICHARD GORER

Searle's Symphony will be broadcast at 8.0 p.m. on Friday, November 22 (Home)

IF we try to find an adjective to characterise the present age, there seems to me to be a good deal to be said in favour of the word 'salvationist'. In politics salvation is to be found in being a communist or in being a democrat; in painting salvation is to be found in being a realist (or rather neo-realist—so much more up to date!) or in being abstract (or *tachiste*). Novelists find salvation in being committed or uncommitted, and salvation is to be found in music by writing tonal music or by writing dodecaphonic music. At a time when everything is black or white, the person who points to a rainbow is regarded as being tactless to the very least and more usually as being a shocking nuisance, using the word 'shocking' in its literal sense. But being shocked in moderation is usually an improving experience: more of us are shocked out of complacency than shocked into complacency. Unfortunately the force that causes us to be shocked seems to us to be discomfiting and we are not at our ease in its presence.

From this point of view Searle may be regarded as a shocking composer. His music is not shocking in the sense that it is extremely noisy and discordant. It is just as likely to be quiet and lyrical. But it is shocking in the sense that its course is unpredictable. I should make it clear that I am not referring to the course of the music in any one composition, but to the course of his whole work. But though unpredictable it is not illogical. For Searle the serial technique, though he may prefer it, is but one of many, to be selected where appropriate, but it is not the One Way of Truth. Should he be composing music for which it does not appear to him a suitable technique he has no compunction in rejecting it.

To the non-technical listener the difference is not apparent. All Searle's music has the imprint of his personal style, whether it is dodecaphonic or diatonic in technique. The music is forceful, brusque, and somewhat gloomy. The shape in which he writes remains remarkably constant. Most of his music is based on the pyramid; starting from a quiet figure, it builds up to a climax and descends again to the regions from which it started. Sometimes, as in the 'Poem' and the 'Night Music', the ascent and descent are smooth; at other times, as in the 'Shadow of Cain' and the first movement of the First Symphony, it moves from one climax to the next and the outline of the pyramid can be described as craggy.

But though the listener is easily aware of the logical progress of Searle's works, the composers—to whatever party they belong—are simul-

taneously fascinated and discomfited. At one moment the tonalists think that he has been secured to their brand of salvation, at the next the dodecaphonists are sure that, in spite of an unfortunate backsliding, they have resecured his allegiance. The fact that every technique is equally valid appears to have occurred only to Searle.

The First Symphony is a 'respectable' twelve-tone work based on the row B-A-C-H followed by its inversion D sharp-E-C sharp-D natural and its transposition a third lower G flat-F-A flat-G natural. (This series is the same as that used by Webern in his Quartet, Op. 28.) The work was written at the suggestion of Dr. Hermann Scherchen, to whom it is dedicated and who conducted the first performance at Hamburg in 1953. To apply the serial technique to sonata form imposes many and weighty musical problems. Webern overcame them by working in a very small time-scale, but in spite of his numerous imitators at the present day there can be only one Webern and his answers to the problem, though fascinating, are of little use to one wishing to write a symphony of large dimensions.

Admittedly 'symphony' is a vague term; Liszt's Dante Symphony, for example, is really a cycle of symphonic poems, but the majority of symphonies are expected to have the first movement written in sonata form. Sonata form is very much the creation of the diatonic system. The concept of two opposing groups of subject is not mandatory: many of Haydn's symphonies are virtually monothematic, but the establishment of a key, adventures in several other keys and its re-establishment are essential features. If there is no key, this obviously becomes impossible and the problem has to be re-examined. Though contrasting groups of subjects are not essential, they are usual and this is possible even though the diatonic system has gone. Tonal contrast is no longer possible with serial music, only melodic contrast remains. This necessarily narrows the range and explains why so many serial composers hark back to the older forms of suite and concerto, rather than writing sonatas and symphonies.

In Searle's symphony the main 'first subject' is an angular tune on the strings and the contrasting 'second subject' is a more lyrical tune first heard on the oboe. This would appear to be as far as we can go at the moment in adapting sonata form to serial technique, though it is no further than Mozart got in the first eight bars of the Jupiter Symphony. The main exposition is preceded by a slow introduction, which exposes the basic row in canonic form and which

will be recalled at intervals throughout the symphony. By combining the themes of the introduction with the themes of the exposition a development section becomes possible and recognisable.

The material is recapitulated with the themes inverted and the orchestration altered so that, for example, the inversion of the lyrical oboe tune reappears on the tuba. The movement ends with a brief, slow coda based on the introduction.

It will be conceded, I think, that this presents a creditable solution of a very difficult problem. The main arguments against serial music are that it is essentially static and harmonically monotonous. Searle's ingenious use of contrasting themes effectively refutes the first objection. There is a definite sense of movement and though, at a first hearing, it is not easy to recognise the moment when we arrive at the reprise, there is a definite sense of arrival. We feel that we have been travelling to get there. The harmonic argument remains and this particular series, with its insistence on minor seconds, may be thought to exacerbate it, but it is largely overcome by Searle's expressive orchestration.

The other movements presented fewer problems. The second movement starts in the 'classical' Searle fashion with a long lyrical melody, starting in the depths of the orchestra and slowly working up to a climax. But here the composer has a surprise for us. We should expect an equally smooth descent, but before we reach that there is a rapid passage consisting of sharp ejaculations on the brass (minor seconds to the fore) over rushing figures on the strings and woodwind. Only when this has run its course does the original mood return and the descent from the apex of the pyramid take place.

The finale is preceded by an intermezzo. This starts on the second violins and is a kind of fugato gradually increasing in volume and tempo as first the remaining strings, then the woodwind, and finally the brass are added to the orchestra; the intermezzo leads straight into the finale, a violent movement in rondo form. At the final climax the movement breaks off abruptly and the last metamorphosis of the introduction to the first movement serves as an epilogue to bring the movement to its close.

Searle is now at work on a Second Symphony, which will bring another solution to the problem of the serial symphony. In this the two main subjects are not only contrasted melodically, but also in speed. The 'first' subject is slow and the 'second' subject is fast. It sounds a formidably difficult task and its solution will be a piece of music that all musicians will be anxious to hear at the earliest opportunity.



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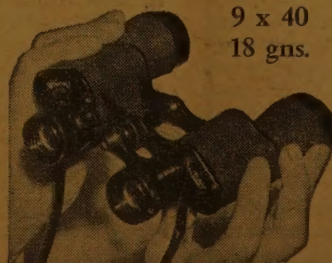
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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

CHRISTMAS CAKE

HERE ARE the ingredients for a rich, well-flavoured cake. It weighs about three-and-a-half pounds and costs under ten shillings.

- 1 lb. of plain flour
- 1 lb. of margarine or butter
- 1 lb. of caster sugar
- 3-4 eggs
- 1 lb. of currants
- 1 lb. of sultanas
- 2 oz. of mixed peel
- 2 oz. of glacé cherries
- 2 oz. of ground almonds
- 2 oz. of whole almonds
- rind and juice of one orange
- 1 teaspoon each of cinnamon, ginger, nutmeg
- 1 teaspoon of brown colouring for a dark cake

For these quantities you should use a cake tin 1 1/2 inches across for a wide, shallow cake, or 1 inch if you like a deeper cake. Line the tin with a double layer of greaseproof paper. It need not be greased.

Here are a few hints that I have found useful in mixing the cake. Beat the sugar and fat to the consistency of whipped cream with the hands. This gives quicker and better results. Add the eggs a little at a time and beat really well. If there is any sign of curdling, put the bowl into a larger bowl of hot water for a few seconds and beat hard. Do not beat the mixture after flour is added or you will lose all the air you have put into it.

Wash the candied peel and cherries in hot water and dry them thoroughly. Roll them in a little ground almond so that they will not stick or sink to the bottom. For a flat surface to your cake, damp the back of the fingers and press them over the cake, making the top level.

Bake it in a moderately hot oven; after 15 minutes gradually reduce to a slow oven. Do not open the oven-door for at least 1 1/2 hours. Bake

a shallow cake for 2 1/2-3 hours, a deeper one for 3-3 1/2 hours. To test when ready, pass a warm knitting needle or hatpin through the centre. If the cake is done, it should come out quite clean. After taking your cake from the oven, leave it to cool in the tin before turning it out. Keep it away from any draught or it may sink.

DORA SETON

VANILLA FUDGE

Among all the many fudges I have tried out, Vanilla fudge wins as being foolproof, inexpensive, and exceptionally creamy. The equipment needed is a thick pan about 8 inches across, a wooden spoon, a basin of cold water for testing the set, a teaspoon, a dessertspoon and a tablespoon, and a tin which should be greased with olive oil, smeared over in a very thin layer with the fingers, and into the corners particularly. A straight-sided Swiss roll tin 8" x 12" is ideal for this recipe. It makes nearly 3 lb. of fudge. The cost is about 3s.

The ingredients are:

- 1 1/2 lb. of granulated sugar
- 6 oz. of butter or margarine
- 1 large tin of evaporated milk less 2 tablespoons
- 3 good dessertspoons of golden syrup
- 1 teaspoon of vanilla essence

Heat the milk, sugar, butter, and syrup gently until all the sugar has dissolved (this is most important). See that no granules are left on the spoon or the side of the pan. Then boil steadily, stirring all the time, till a few drops poured into the cold water and drawn out with the tablespoon will form a soft ball. This takes about 15 minutes. Remove from the heat, cool slightly, add the vanilla essence and beat hard till it is difficult to beat, then pour quickly into the tin. When almost cold, mark into one-inch squares and cut up when quite cold. Use butter

if you can manage it; margarine makes a good fudge, but it really is not as creamy.

MARY ALEXANDER

Notes on Contributors

GEORGE F. KENNAN (page 769): Professor of History, Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton; American Ambassador to the U.S.S.R., 1952-53; author of *Soviet-American Relations, 1917-20—Vol I, Russia Leaves the War; American Diplomacy, 1900-50*, etc.

LEO SILBERMAN (page 773): Visiting Professor of Sociology, University of Chicago; author of *Analysis of Society*, etc.

ALEXANDER HADDOW, M.D., D.Sc. (page 779): Director, Chester Beatty Research Institute at the Royal Cancer Hospital, London

J. D. CATHY, Ph.D. (page 781): Lecturer in Zoology, Queen Mary College, University of London; author of *Animal Navigation*

RAYMOND GREENE, F.R.C.P. (page 782): Vice-President, Alpine Club, 1948-49; Senior Medical Officer, Mount Everest Expedition, 1933

SIR LLEWELLYN WOODWARD (page 785): Professor at the Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton, since 1951; Professor of Modern History, Oxford University, 1947-51; Editor (with R.D'O. Butler) 1944-55 of *Documents on British Foreign Policy, 1919-39*, etc.

JOHN LOWE (page 786): Assistant Keeper, Department of Ceramics, Victoria and Albert Museum

REV. PETER HAMMOND (page 789): Rector of Bagendon, near Cirencester; author of *The Waters of Marah: The Present State of the Greek Church*

PIERRE SCHNEIDER (page 794): French literary and theatre critic

Crossword No. 1,433.

Trickyquads.

By Trand

Solution of No. 1,431

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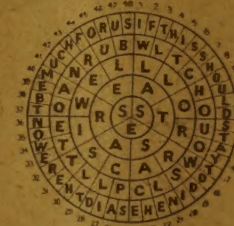
A	B	a		C		b	D
E	c		F	d		e	G
H	I	g		J		h	
	i	K		j	L	k	
M		m	N		P	n	
Q	R			S			T

A 'trickyquad' is a cyclic quadrilateral in which one diagonal trisects the angle at one of the vertices. Thirteen trickyquads WXYZ are listed below, in order of the side WX. $\angle WZY = 3 \angle XZY$.

(Capital letters across, small letters down)

CLUES

	WX	XY	YZ	ZW	XZ
1.	N	H	F	F	Q
2.	S	Q	A	Q	f
3.	R	Q	D	I	S
4.	g	T	c	c	j
5.	c	C	N	h	h
6.	E	C	Q	c	i
7.	E	C	c	i	c
8.	I	M	C	C	j
9.	I	i	D	S	c
10.	B	i	a + h	a	k
11.	L	a	G	l	n
12.	b	j	a + h	m	K
13.	a + h	a	B	i	k
14.	d	P	c	J	k



NOTES

Answers and Sources.—1. Wells: Tennyson, 'On the Death of the Duke of Wellington'; 2. slaws: Shakespeare, 'Mac', III, 4; 3. stall: Proverbs, 13; 4. halls: Arnold, 'Scholar Gipsy'; 5. tails: Grahame, 'Ducks'; 6. lasts: Wordsworth, 'Prelude', 1, 145; 7. class: Byron, 'Don Juan', VI, 49; 8. clash: Macaulay, 'Armada'; 9. shoot: Whittier, 'Barbara Frietchie'; 10. shout: Wordsworth, 'Intimations of Immortality'; 11. stool: Gilbert, 'Pinafore'; 12. stool: Hemans, 'Casabianca'; 13. rusts: Byron, 'CHP', III, 44; 14. trust: Kipling, 'ff'; 15. roast: Herrick, 'Oberon's Feast'; 16. story: Tennyson, 'The Splendour'; 17. strew: Gray, 'Elegy'; 18. swore: Macaulay, 'Horatius'; 19. dress: Herrick, 'Delight in Disorder'; 20. rises: Browning, 'Home From the Sea'; 21. leans: De la Mare, 'Nod'; 22. leaves: Shakespeare, 'Sonnet 18'; 23. chase: Lovelace, 'Lucasta'; 24. cease: Blake, 'Jerusalem'; 25. space: Cowper, 'John Gilpin'; 26. space: Campbell, 'Lord Ullin's Daughter'; 27. Alice: Mine, 'Changing Guard'; 28. laced: Shakespeare, 'Mac', II, 3; 29. tales: Macfield, 'Spanish Waters'; 30. heals: Pope, 'To Augustus'; 31. tease: Keats, 'Ode to a Grecian Urn'; 32. tears: Swinburne, 'Atalanta in Calydon'; 33. tries: Brooke, 'Grantchester'; 34. wrist: F. Thompson, 'Hound of Heaven'; 35. osier: Tennyson, 'Enoch Arden'; 36. ciren: Milton, 'At a Solemn Music'; 37. worst: Chesterton, 'Secret People'; 38. brows: Burns, 'Tan o' Shanter'; 39. swear: Jonson, 'To Celina'; 40. swarm: Shelley, 'Cloud'; 41. ensue: Pope, 'Rape', V; 42. scene: Goldsmith, 'D. Village'; 43. sheer: Longfellow, 'Hiawatha', VII; 44. frees: Keats, 'Eve of St. Agnes', 26; 45. louse: Shakespeare, 'Troil', V, 1; 46. rules: Scott, 'Lay', III, 2; 47. blues: Browning, 'Statue and Bust'; 48. bless: Milton, 'il Penseroso'.

Quotation: Carroll: 'He thought he saw'

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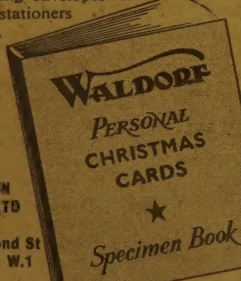
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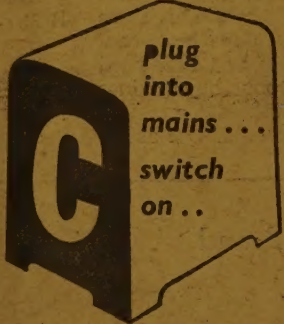
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